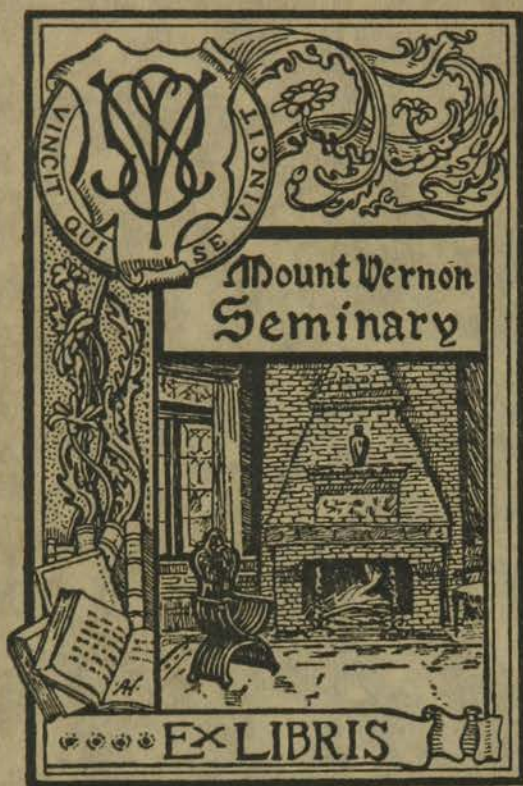


# The Cupola



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# The Cupola



VOLUME I

MT. VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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To  
MRS. HENSLEY,  
whose inspiration and devotion have held us to our best,  
this book is dedicated.

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THE STAFF of the "Cupola" wishes to express its desire that you will bear with it through this first and rather hurried attempt at an M. V. S. year book. The request for this book was put before Mrs. Hensley, at Counsellor Meeting, on the afternoon of April 11th, and, due to her decided approval and to the enthusiasm with which she met the idea, we were able to put it before the student body that night. Their greeting was no less enthusiastic, and the general desire was to elect a board as soon as possible, and, in spite of the short time, to do what we could towards establishing a year book this year. So, Friday night, the staff was elected, and the next day work began. Enough for that, but we hope that regardless of what we have or have not made the "Cupola," you will lend it a boosting hand in the future. It is the result of a long wished for school book that deals with the personal side of the girls here at school now. The Roll Call has been, and will always be, looked forward to with eager anticipation, but as a large part of its circulation goes through old girls, some of whom have not been here for years, it naturally does not touch upon the more intimate school life as we hope we have succeeded in doing. We also hope that, if we have overstepped your bounds of intimacy, you will again show us your leniency.

## SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR 1922-1923

October	4—School opened
November	4—M. V. S. Day Celebrated
	18—Junior Class Entertainment for the Chapel Fund
	24—Lecture—The Niebelungen Lied—Miss Seoville
	25—Basket Ball Double Header
	30—Basket Ball Finals
December	9—Senior Play—"As You Like It"
	21—Christmas Vacation Began
January	10—Christmas Vacation Ended
	20—First Junior-Senior Contest
	27—Second Junior-Senior Contest
February	8—Optima Dinner
	12—Lecture—The League of Nations—Dr. Hamilton Holt
	22—Junior Play—"Milestones"
March	3—Isaac Minovitch Concert for the Domestic Science Fund
	4—Chevron Service
	5—Lecture—The German-French Situation—Miss Markell
	10—Yellow Class Play—"Katy Did"
	12—Lecture—George Eliot—Dr. Leon Vincent
	15—Lecture—India of Today—Mr. Wadia
	17—College Benefit Plays
	21—Swimming Meet
	24—White Class Play—"The Dragon"
	27—Spring Vacation Began
April	3—Spring Vacation Ended
	19—Senior Day
	24—Base Ball Double Header
	25—Base Ball Finals
	26—Junior-Senior Banquet
May	3—School Picnic
	12—Track Meet
	18—School Day
	19—Alumnae Luncheon
	20—Baccalaureate Sermon
	21—Commencement Play—"A Doll's House"
	22—Class Day
	Choral Club Concert
	23—Commencement



## EDITORIAL STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	. . . . .	MARY STRACHAN
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	. . . . .	HELEN HORROCKS
<i>Art Editor</i>	. . . . .	GERTRUDE MEACHAM
<i>Assistants</i>		
<i>Junior Class</i>	. . . . .	FRANCES SHERMAN
<i>Yellow Class</i>	. . . . .	MARGARET McCANDLESS
<i>White Class</i>	. . . . .	FRANCES FOLEY
<i>Literary Editor</i>	. . . . .	CHRISTINE McKELVY
<i>Feature Editor</i>	. . . . .	LOUISE LEONARD
<i>Society Editor</i>	. . . . .	MARY SHIRAS
<i>Athletic Editor</i>	. . . . .	HELEN HAUGAN
<i>Assistant</i>	. . . . .	ADDISON PELLETIER
<i>Joke Editor</i>	. . . . .	ROSEMARY AMES
<i>Photograph Editor</i>	. . . . .	NATALIE SMITH
<i>Dramatic Editor</i>	. . . . .	ELVIRA YOUNG
<i>Business Manager</i>	. . . . .	MARGARET KAHLKE
<i>Assistant</i>	. . . . .	JANE ROBINSON
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	. . . . .	CORNELIA BAUM
<i>Faculty Advisor</i>	. . . . .	MISS BARBER





## FACULTY

MRS. ELIZABETH J. SOMERS

MRS. ADELIA G. HENSLEY

MISS JEAN DEAN COLE

MISS FRANCES BALL

MISS MARGARET BARBER

MISS GRACE BROUSE

MISS GRACE CARROLL

MISS CONSTANCE CHURHYARD

MISS EDITH COOK

MRS. JEANETTE DALES

MADAME YVONNE DALOZ

MISS ELSIE EDWARDS

MISS HELEN FROELICH

MISS ELIZABETH HALL

MISS LOUISE HEMPSTEAD

MISS HELEN HENRY

MISS KATHERINE HILL

MISS ELIZABETH HILLYAR

MISS ALICE HOPKINS

MR. JOSEF KASPAR

MRS. HELEN KENNEY

MISS HELEN LORING

MRS. CHARLOTTE McALLISTER

MISS EVELYN MALLARD

MISS LOUISA MARTIN

MRS. NETTA MURPHY

MRS. A. K. PAYNE

MADAME ELEANORE PELTIER

MISS JANE PLUMMER

MRS. ALYS RICKETT

MISS ALICE SPALDING

MISS HELEN TREYZ

MISS ALICE TRIPPETT

MRS. GRETA VON BAYER

MISS HARRIET WALKER

MRS. HOMER WOODBRIDGE





## SENIOR CLASS



MISS JEAN DEAN COLE

Senior Class Mother

Motto: Sursum Corda

Class Flower: Hadley Rose

## OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JANE ROBINSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN HORROCKS
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH STAUFFER
<i>Treasurer</i>	VIRGINIA WOOLFOLK

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 ELEANOR CHINN  
 ROSALIND CUMMINGS  
 CRUZ FREEMAN  
 HELEN HORROCKS  
 VIRGINIA JAMES  
 DORIS JENKINS  
 GRETCHEN KAYSER  
 LOUISE LEONARD

CHRISTINE MCKELVY  
 KATHERINE MCKINNON  
 GERTRUDE MEACHAM  
 JANE ROBINSON  
 ETHEL ROSENFELD  
 HELEN RUSHTON  
 ELIZABETH STAUFFER  
 IDA BELLE WHEATON  
 MARIE WILLCOX

VIRGINIA WOOLFOLK



CORNELIA LEE BAUM. "Cornie"

Omaha, Nebraska.

2 years.

Optima Club.

French Club, Secretary, '23.

Dramatics, '22 and '23.

President Domestic Science Board of Directors, '23.

Advertising Manager of "The Cupola."

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."



ELEANOR CHINN. "Chinnie"

Lexington, Kentucky.

4 years.

Optima Club.

Dramatics, '22 and '23.

White Class.

"Yon' Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."





ROSALIND CUMMINGS. "Roz"

New Bedford, Massachusetts.

3 years.

French Club.

Basket Ball, '22 and '23.

Hockey, '22.

Baseball, '23.

Swimming, '23.

Dramatics, '22 and '23.

Yellow Class.

"It is far safer to know too little than too much."



CRUZ FREEMAN. "Cruz"

San Francisco, California.

2 years.

French Club.

Walking Club.

Dramatics, '23.

"Let us consider the reason of the case, for nothing is  
law that is not reason."



HELEN HORROCKS. "Horrocks"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

3 years.

Vice-President of Junior and Senior Classes.

Glee Club, '23.

Cheer Leader, '22 and '23.

Hockey, '22.

Baseball, '23.

Swimming, '22 and '23.

Assistant Editor of the "Cupola."

Yellow Class.

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."





VIRGINIA JAMES. "Ginnie"

Kansas City, Missouri.

2 years.

Optima Club.

Glee Club, '22 and '23.

Dramatics, '23.

"Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep  
in tune so long."



DORIS JENKINS. "Jenk"

Fairmont, West Virginia.

4 years.

Dramatics, '22.

White Class.

"Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners  
and carriage,  
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible  
thornbit of marriage."



GRETCHEN KAYSER. "Gussie"

Pasadena, California.

2 years.

Optima Club.

Basket Ball, '22 and '23.

Baseball, '22 and '23.

Dramatics, '23.

"As good be out of the world as out of fashion."





LOUISE LEONARD. "Leonard"

Lincoln, Nebraska.

3 years.

Art Club, '22.

Dramatics, '23.

Feature Editor of the "Cupola."

Yellow Class.

"God's mercy is upon the young, God's wisdom in the  
baby tongue that fears not anything."



CHRISTINE McKELVY, "Cris"

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

3 years.

Optima Club.

Glee Club, Vice-President, '23.

Secretary Athletic Association, '22.

Vice-President Athletic Association, '23.

Class Athletic Manager, '22 and '23.

Baseball Captain, '23.

Swimming, '22 and '23.

Literary Editor of the "Cupola."

Yellow Class.

"I see the right, and I approve it too,  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."



KATHERINE McKINNON. "Kay"

Evanston, Illinois.

5 years.

Optima Club, Secretary, '23.

French Club, Secretary, '22, President, '23.

Glee Club, '23.

Corresponding Secretary, M. V. S. Society.

Baseball, '23.

Cheer Leader, '23.

Dramatics, '22 and '23.

Yellow Class.

"Every gate is thronged with suitors,  
All the markets overflow."





GERTRUDE MEACHAM. "Muff"

Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

Optima Club. 4 years.

Glee Club, '22.

Walking Club, President, '23.

French Club.

Recording Secretary of M. V. S. Society.

Treasurer of Junior Class.

Toastmistress of Junior Banquet.

Swimming Captain, '22 and '23.

Hockey, '22.

Baseball, '23.

Dramatics, '22 and '23.

Art Editor of the "Cupola."

Yellow Class.

"Civilization causes me alternate fits; disgust and glee."



JANE ROBINSON. "Jane"

Tulsa, Oklahoma.

4 years.

Optima Club, Treasurer, '22, Vice-President, '23.

President of Senior Class.

Glee Club, '22 and '23, Treasurer, '22.

French Club, Vice-President, '23.

Basket Ball, '22 and '23.

Baseball, '22 and '23.

Hockey, '22.

Swimming, '22.

Dramatics, '22 and '23.

Assistant Business Manager of the "Cupola."

Yellow Class.

"All things confess her strength."



ETHEL ROSENFELD. "Rosie."

Chicago, Illinois

2 years.

Basket Ball, '22 and '23.

Hockey, '22.

Baseball, '22 and '23.

Swimming, '22 and '23.

Dramatics, '23.

"Let the world slide, let the world go,  
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!"



HELEN RUSHTON. "Rushie."

Evanston, Illinois

4 years.

French Club, Treasurer, '22 and '23.

Optima Club, President, '23.

Glee Club, '22 and '23.

White Class.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."





ELIZABETH STAUFFER. "Tillie."

Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Walking Club.

Secretary of Senior Class.

Dramatics, '22 and '23.

"His conversation does not show the minute hand, but  
he strikes the hour very correctly."



IDA BELLE WHEATON. "Idie"

San Francisco, California

2 years.

Optima Club.

French Club.

Walking Club.

Glee Club, '22.

Basket Ball, '22 and '23.

Hockey, Captain, '22.

Baseball, '22.

"Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,  
And, even as she casts down her eyes,  
Redden to note his eager glance of praise."



MARIE WILLCOX. "Marie"

Savannah, Georgia

5 years.

Basket Ball, '22 and '23, Captain, '22.

Baseball, '22 and '23.

Hockey, '22.

Dramatics, '22 and '23.

Yellow Class.

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that  
little long."



VIRGINIA WOOLFOLK. "Ginnie"

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

4 years.

Optima Club, Treasurer, '23.

Treasurer, Senior Class.

Glee Club, '22 and '23.

Walking Club.

Hockey, '22.

Baseball, '23.

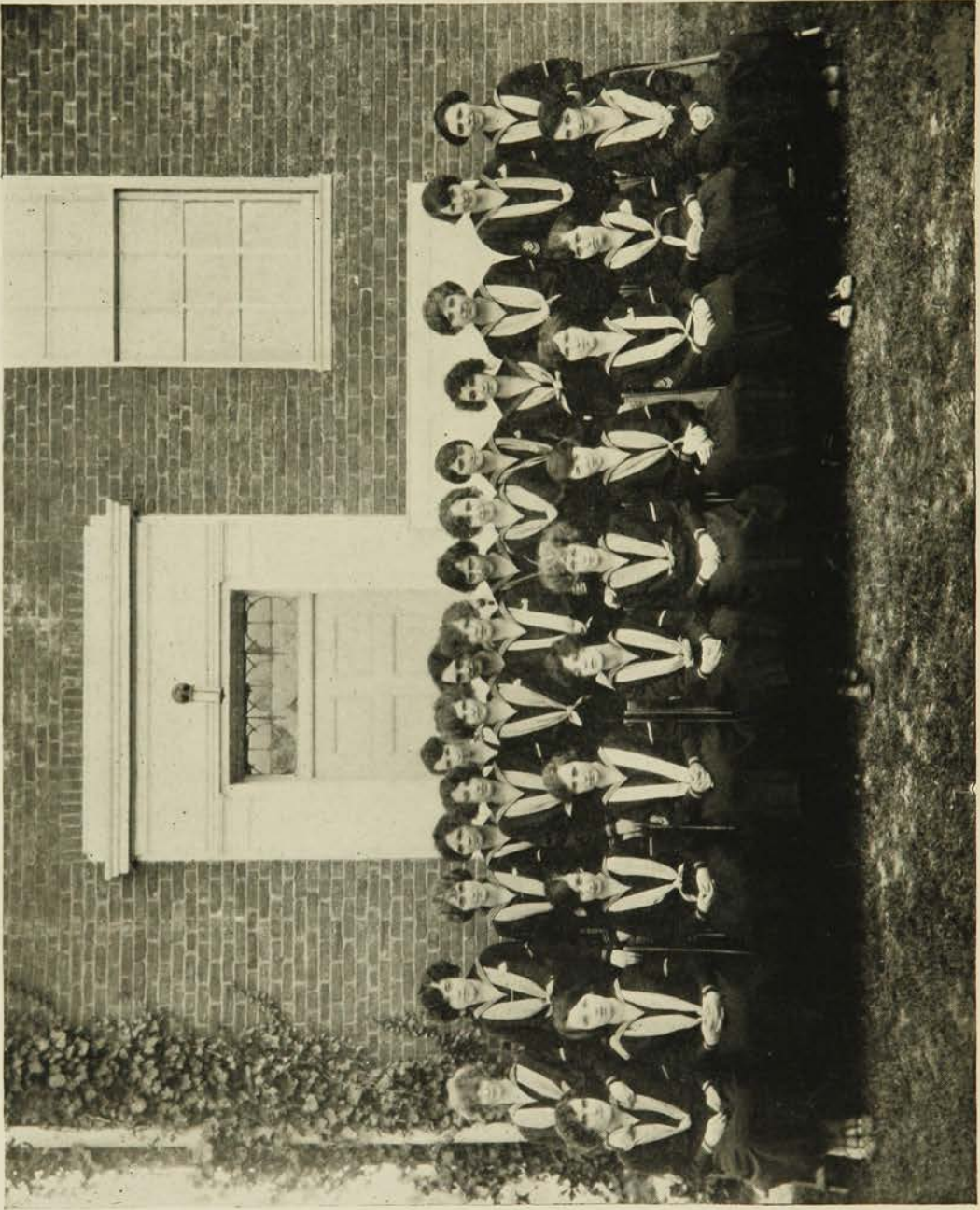
Dramatics, '23.

Yellow Class.

"For truth has such a face and such a mien,  
As to be loved needs only to be seen."







## JUNIOR CLASS



MISS MARY E. COLGAN

Class Mother

Motto: Tibi Fidus Esto.

Class Flower—Violet.

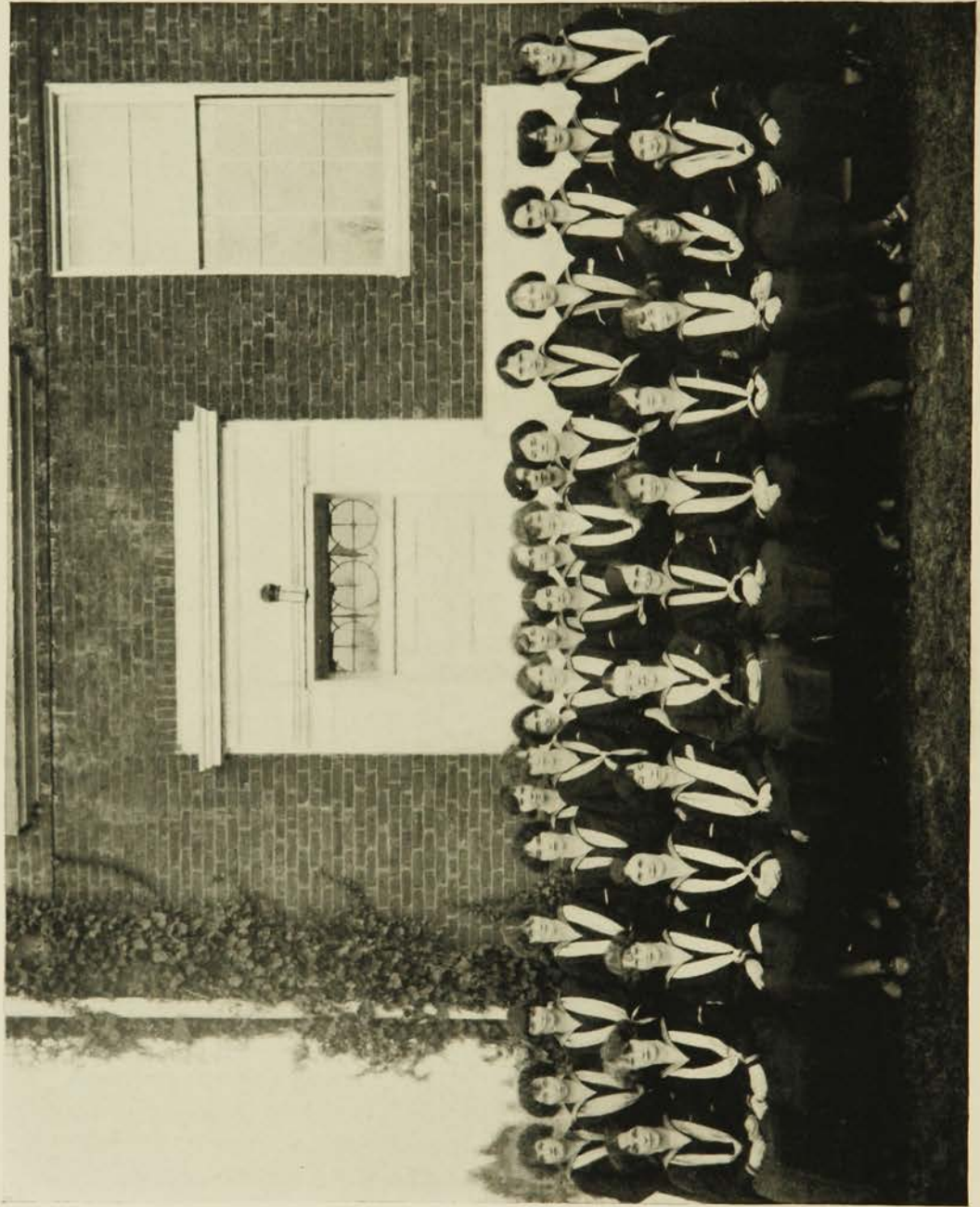
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 EMILY WHITING  
 ELVIRA YOUNG





## WHITE CLASS



MISS EDITH DENNISON COOK

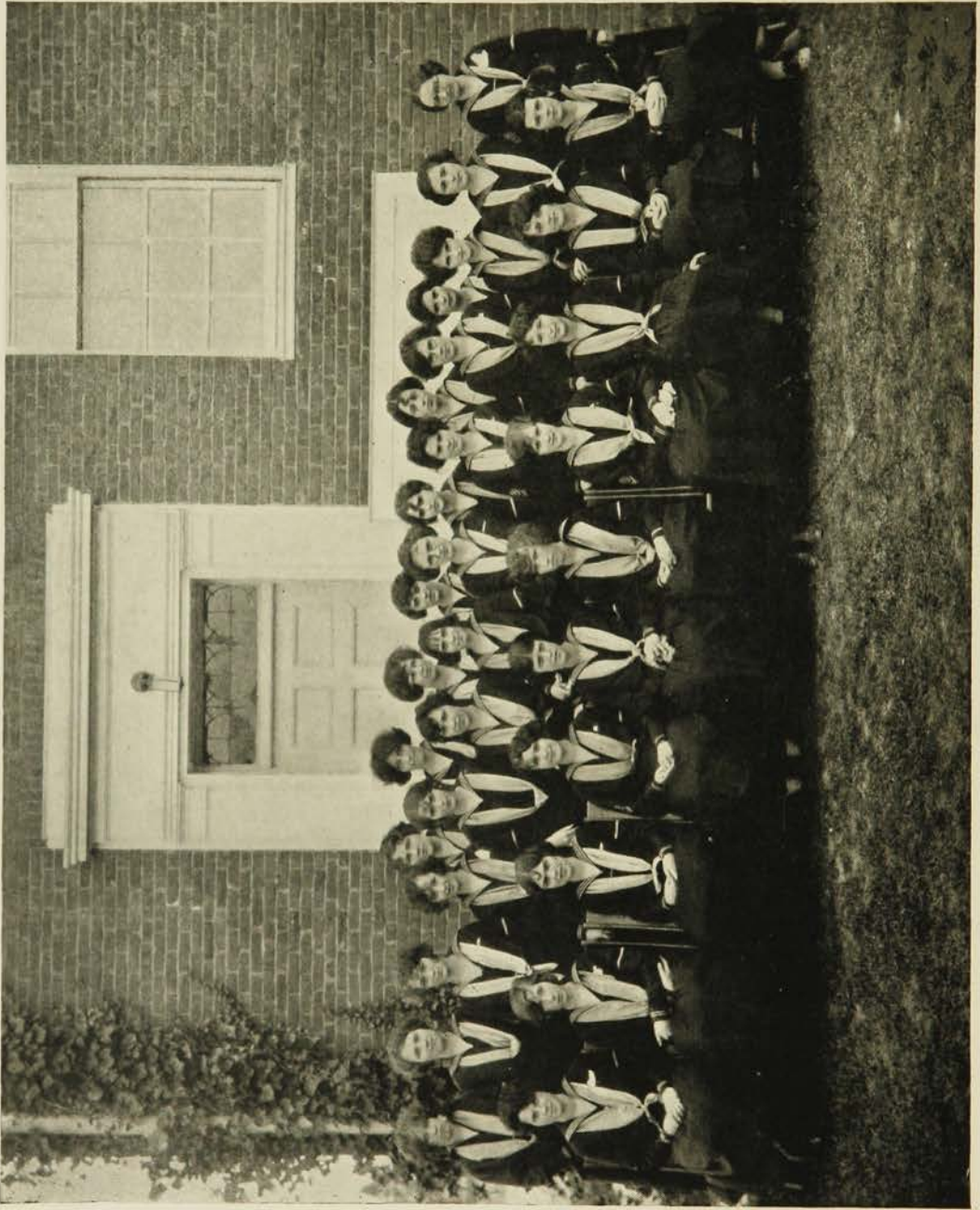
Class Mother

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 FLORENCE RICHARDS  
 ELIZABETH SAWTELLE  
 MARY ELIZABETH STEPHENSON  
 ADA TUREMAN  
 MARIE TUREMAN  
 CORNELIA WHITE



## YELLOW CLASS



MISS HARRIET BELLE WALKER

Class Mother

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MARGARET CAPPS	ELIZABETH LINN
MARYANN CORNELL	MARGARET McCANDLESS
BLANCHE DACGETT	DOROTHY MILLER
DOROTHY DAVIDSON	NELL NOLTE
ELIZABETH DAVISON	ELIZABETH PAXTON
MARTHA DICKERSON	MARJORIE PELL
HELEN DICKSON	GENEVIEVE STEWART
KATHRYN FERGUSON	JOSEPHINE STIEREN
MARTHA LOUISE FISHBACK	MARY STRACHAN
JULIA KNOX FOLMAR	JANE WALKER
JULIA HASE	BONNIE GRACE WING
MARY ELIZABETH HAYWARD	DOROTHY WRIGHT
MARGARET KAHLKE	HELEN YOUNG



## SHADOWS

(The scene is a street in Florence in the late fifteenth century. It is night, and parts of the stage are in shadow, while other parts are very light because of the moon. As the curtain rises the Count d'Orida and Tomaso enter. The latter is a shabbily clad, villainous-looking man of middle height. D'Orida is about forty, but his slim, dark beauty would make him seem younger did not one study his cold, proud face. His eyes are dark and fiery, his chin is stubborn, and his lips thin and insolently cruel. His hands are long and white, his voice is low and musical. He is dressed in black velvet and silver.)

**D'Orida:** Tomaso, if that which you say be true—

**Tomaso.** I tell you, lord, I saw them at their tryst,  
Although I did not know the man, indeed,  
For he was closely shrouded in his hood.  
The night was black as deeds that have been done  
And shall be done again, perchance, for gold.  
I saw him kiss her fingers as a slave  
Who breathes out all his life in one such kiss.  
I heard their vows of love that should not die  
Till all the reeling universe stand still,  
The same vain words that lovers ever use,  
And think themselves the first to murmur them.  
I heard their hasty plans to flee this night  
From out the city gates—why, I know not,  
Unless they might suspect your love, and fear  
Your sudden sword.

**D'Orida:** Well might they fear my wrath.  
To think that I, I should be scorned for some  
Poor fool who'd cower at my very name.  
I, a D'Orida! Kings and princes have  
Through ages sought the friendship of my house,  
And dreaded our swift hatred more than aught  
On earth. No woman whom I've yet desired  
Has failed to seek my love with eager eyes



And greedy hands. Now that my boy is grown  
It is with him, the last of our proud race,

As with his ancestors, in love and war—

Enough! You are quite sure that they will pass  
Through this same street? God! If they should escape!

**Tomaso:** I heard them say, my lord, the way they'd pass,  
And I am sure that we shall take them here.

**D'Orida:** Then you will strangle him before more  
Words issue from his white presumptuous throat.

Yes, I will see his blood flow if he be  
The Duke himself! Your men are to be trusted?

**Tomaso:** Quite, if they have that efficacious seal  
Of ears, of eyes, of lips—in short, lord, gold.

**D'Orida** (tossing him a bag of gold):

That for you and the other vermin. Go,  
And know that if they should escape, your life  
Shall be just long enough for you to pray  
For death, before it comes. There are things worse  
Than is mere death itself. You understand?

**Tomaso:** I understand, my lord, and shall obey. (Exit.)

**D'Orida.** Ah, Gianetta, fairer than the dawn,  
Whose amber eyes hold mysteries more deep  
Than any Leonardo seeks to paint,  
Your potent loveliness inflames the soul  
More than red wine, and more than victory—  
To think that any other man has dared  
To touch your hair, to kiss your slim, pale hands!  
But ah, tonight you shall be mine alone,  
And this night I shall make the wall of ice  
Around your heart melt in my scorching fire.

You are so cold for one so beautiful—

And yet it seems you are not cold to him.

God! Let me see his life blood trickle soon—!

(Voice from without sings.)

I saw a slim pale lady,  
In blue and silver clad.  
She rode a snow white palfrey,  
Before her ran a lad,  
Who cried, "Beware this lady,  
For methinks she is mad."

Her eyes were strangely bluer  
Than all the skies above,  
Her neck and throat were whiter  
Than is a snow white dove.  
It seemed the slim pale lady  
Was surely made for love.

"Look not on her," the lad cried  
To all who dared to gaze,  
"Her beauty blinds more quickly  
Than do the sun's hot rays.  
And yet this lady hath been mad  
For many, many days."

Once on a time this lady  
Loved a most perfect knight.  
Another loved her and one day  
She started back in fright  
To see him lying in his blood.  
Oh, had she seen aright?

Since then the slim, pale lady  
In blue and silver clad,  
Still rides a snow white palfrey,  
Before her runs a lad  
Who cries, "Beware this lady,  
For methinks she is mad."

**D'Orida:** How dark the night is, and how pale the moon,  
As if she shrank from looking on the earth.

**Tomaso's Voice** (without): Hold!

(Sounds of a woman's scream, swords clashing, and at last a dull thud as of a body falling. D'Orida smiles. Tomaso and another man drag a man's body on the stage, while two others lead in the Lady Gianetta della Penatora. She is slender, ravishingly beautiful, and her crimson mouth is startling against the pallor of her face. Her hair is golden and the dull gold of her velvet dress is broken only by a string of magnificent emeralds. At a sign from D'Orida the men release her from their hold and go out, leaving D'Orida, the woman and the body alone on the stage.)

**Gianetta** (Looking at him strangely):

You love me then enough to kill—for me?

Perhaps my choice was wrong.

**D'Orida:** You loved him not?

**Gianetta:** I loved him once, but now—he's dead—it's passed.

Perhaps, I am not sure, I may love you.

To think that you would kill him—him—for me.

**D'Orida:** I do not know or care whom I have killed.

**Gianetta:** You do not know? How Fate must laugh! Not know?

**D'Orida:** Still, it will not be difficult to learn.

(He starts toward the body.)

**Gianetta:** Nay, so not go—not yet! Why should you care

To look at that, when you may look at me?

Am I not fair?

**D'Orida:** Ah, Gianetta—fair!

**Gianetta:** And beautiful enough to be the bride

Of a D'Orida?

**D'Orida:** Ay, and beautiful,

Lovely enough to be my bride tonight.

**Gianetta:** Yet I am very young to have a son

Of twenty years of age.



**D'Orida:** But such a son!

You shall be proud of him as I am proud,  
And love him as I do. He is the last  
Of our old race, the center of my hopes.  
Say that you too will love him, Gianetta.

**Gianetta:** How Destiny must laugh—as I laugh now!

Go, look upon the man whom you have slain.

(She laughs hysterically while D'Orida strides quickly to the body, kneels beside it and lifts its head. Gianetta's hair tumbles over her shoulders as she laughs. Suddenly she chokes and falls upon the ground, unconscious. A shaft of moonlight falling across the face of D'Orida, shows his look of stark horror and the madness behind his eyes.)

CURTAIN

Josephine Hopkins.



## A FIVE-FOOT SHELF

I FEEL that I should apologize to you all for what I am about to do. I am here tonight scheduled to speak on a certain subject. I am not going to make that speech; instead, using the time allotted for my few remarks, I am going to make a presentation.

I suppose that everyone has heard of Dr. Eliot's famous Five-Foot Shelf, but, for the benefit of those who may be still a little in the dark, I will explain that anyone who has read all the books placed by Dr. Eliot on this so-called "shelf" may consider himself thoroughly educated. That is one way of acquiring an education. We at M. V. S. flatter ourselves in thinking that we have a better way. Here essential subjects are taught in a way calculated to arouse the interest of the student as well as to amuse. For instance, take those classes in Household Science in which the students themselves do the teaching; they are both interesting and amusing, I am sure. But I digress. Knowing that it would be quite impossible for all the youth of the country to come to Mount Vernon to be educated, the faculty has conceived a plan by which the knowledge dispensed within these halls may be made universal. This plan is the giving to the world of a five-foot shelf of books after the manner of Dr. Eliot but the faculty feels that the material to be found in this M. V. S. five-foot shelf is far superior to anything that Dr. Eliot may have recommended. The books which compose this M. V. S. shelf have been written by various members of the faculty of Mount Vernon Seminary, and sum up all the things taught in this school so that, if those who are so unfortunate as to be unable to attend this institution, wish an M. V. S. education, they have only to avail themselves of the opportunity offered by a far-seeing and hard-working faculty. The faculty, wishing to dedicate and present the first five-foot shelf of books to the Junior class and wishing to choose an occasion equal to the gift, has done me the honor of asking me to make the presentation speech at this time.

Before going farther it would be well to name over some of the books included in this collection. Under the heading of Art we have "The Art of Life"—being a series of cartoons by Miss Hillyar. Studies in higher finance have been contributed by Miss Cook and Miss Barber; the volume is entitled "How To Make Your Business Pay" or "Why Stock Goes Up," while Miss Brouse makes one acquainted with much useful knowledge in her book called "The Workman's Assistant" which tells among other things how to be a plumber. Mrs. McAllister's contribution is "Notes Made In Travels 'Round Our School." In "Wild Animals I Have Known," Miss Hill makes natural history charming. In the two groups of essays, we have two types of subject matter and treatment. The first volume by Miss Froeligh, "The Cheerful Soul" needs no words to express the joy and optimism which emanate from it. The second volume is a series of scientific essays on "Darwinism and Its Phases," by Mrs. Payne. For humor one may turn to Miss Mallard's little collection of anecdotes called "That's a Point." Mrs. Murphy's book of aphorisms collected under the name of "Fine Linen" is keen and spicy. Under the heading of economics in the home are two volumes—the author of the first is Mrs. Kenney who has amusingly called it by the initials "B. R. R. P." standing for "Best Rations Rule People"—the author or authors of the second volume are not known but since the title is "T. N. T. or What Can Happen in a Home" it would be safe to say that the "T. N. T." stands for Trippett and Treyz.

One finds in this collection some very good information about athletics. Miss Walker has distinguished herself in the concisely written pamphlet called "Ready—or How to Start a Race," while Miss Loring has given us a book on athletics in general. Its name is "Be a Sport" and it includes the 1923 rules for sight-seeing. Poetry is not absent from this shelf. We have a nonsense anthology compiled by Miss Henry which puts Carolyn Wells in the shade; also a charming little volume of nature poems anonymously contributed called "Hills and Dales" and a book of free verse written



in collaboration by Miss Martin and Miss Carroll with the succinct title "Fragments" in red letters on the outside. A very interesting volume of etiquette written by Miss Plummer and Miss Spalding has been finished but has not yet been named. Miss Plummer wants to call it "How to Act Upon Occasion," while Miss Spalding is all for "How and What to Register." Along the line of the drama there are two plays; the first is Miss Edward's "Making Up for Jane" and the second is a sequel to "Whispering Wires" which Miss Hopkins is still writing. Miss Cole has written a valuable volume of "Dramatic Criticisms." There are a few more miscellaneous volumes—one by Miss Hempstead, but her hand-writing is so illegible that I can't make out what the title is. The two Madames have written a "livre" called "Nullae Muscae Nobis" which must be read in the original to be appreciated. For biography, Miss Colgan has sent a little volume called "Tim." Since no library is complete without fiction, Miss Churchyard has contributed a mystery story called "The Subtle Sign" in which you will all be interested. I have saved for the last the book which I consider the most important as well as the most appealing. It is "The Children's Guide" by Mrs. Hensley. I think the name speaks for itself.

As yet there have been no contributions by the student body but the faculty does not give up the hope of discovering a budding genius among the various classes—in fact, it thinks it is already on the trail of one. It has been rumored that Miss Mary Shiras is writing a novel!

The list which I have given is the complete list of books as I have received it from the faculty. In the name of the faculty of Mount Vernon Seminary I hereby dedicate this Five-foot Shelf of books to the Junior Class and present to the same class the first copies of these books each with its author's autograph on the fly-leaf.

It is a Five-foot Shelf of Books

Take it for all in all

You shall not look upon its like again.

Helen Horrocks.

### AS I PASSED BY

Just now when I looked at you  
I heard Music  
Soft, sweetly winsome—  
Could it have been the sun  
Playing on your hair  
As you turned your head,  
Or the murmur of a breeze  
Caressing your cheek?  
I cannot tell:  
Things like that are marred in telling.

Jane Nicholson.

### TO AN OLD LADY

I watched and pondered on her sitting there,  
Her slight old frame, her hands clasped in her lap,  
The shadows dancing on her silvery hair,  
The wrinkled face beneath the tiny cap.  
How calm she seemed, where gained she that repose?  
Her days through weary years had not been bright,  
But as she dreamed, no sigh from her arose.  
A quaint old picture, framed by firelight.  
The twilight slowly deepened in the room,  
The kettle on the hob began to sing,  
And, as all shape was lost in gathering gloom,  
I saw upon her lips the smile dreams bring.  
Dear sainted figure, you will ever live  
Within my heart, and to me guidance give.

Harriet Pilch.



## A LINE-A-DAY

Being the diary of our gallant night watchman,  
RUDOLPH THOMPSON.

### MONDAY

Discovered tonight that Miss Leonard rooms in Senior Corridor. I must deliver that telegram that has been here since Saturday night. I looked for her name on all the doors in Mrs. Kenney's, Miss Hill's and Miss Barber's sections, and then again in Mrs. McAllister's. The next time a telegram comes for anyone, I will look for her in Senior corridor. I must go to Study Hall now and tell Miss Shiras that a young gentleman wishes to speak to her on long distance. I hope he is still waiting. He was there when I left to lock up the gym. Mrs. Murphy sent for me to kill a June bug, but, at the time, I was out walking around the building to be sure that the young ladies all had their shades pulled down.

### TUESDAY

Heard some terrible commotion in the quadrangle tonight and not being sure what it was, I thought it best to go and get Miss Barber before I went out to see. We found upon arriving that it was Miss Strachan and Miss Meacham singing "Georgia Moon." I certainly am glad that I went for Miss Barber. I came back to find that Miss Churchyard, who was supposed to be on duty, was nowhere to be found, but I finally located her in Senior corridor doing something to the doorknobs with a can of three-in-one oil. There's no accounting for the actions of some folks. I don't see why she would choose a time when the young ladies are in chapel. I should think that if the knobs squeak they would be very grateful to her for fixing them. Maybe she is just modest and wants no thanks.

### WEDNESDAY

Found four specials that one of the young ladies gave me to mail last Sunday night. I must get them off tonight if I think of it. A

special came for Miss Virginia Jones tonight. I took it up to room 171, but she doesn't seem to live there. I thought she did. I must take it around to her room after I get everything locked up.

Later.

I heard a noise in the pantry, and, as no member of the Faculty was around, I went to investigate it myself. I opened the door and stepped into a bowl of sliced tomatoes which slid for several feet with me before I could get my bearings. I thought I saw someone run out of the other door, but I was not positive and so looked no farther. Was forced to hop back to the office on one foot so as not to spot the carpet.

#### THURSDAY

Mrs. Pryor sent for me upstairs in Miss Spalding's section tonight, and when I arrived I found that she had taken me away from my post of duty in order to have me kill a bat that had come in through one of the open windows. She ought to know that I can't leave the front door and the telephone for a single minute unless it is to attend to my regular duties such as locking up, making my usual rounds of the upstairs halls at 9.20, and so forth. I told her she would have to kill it herself.

Later.

A telephone call come for Miss Black, but as she was not in Study Hall I told the party that I didn't know where to find her. There are four rooms on the outside of Miss Barber's section where the young ladies have not pulled down their shades for the past two weeks. I must report them.

#### FRIDAY

Several young gentlemen called tonight. One was not allowed to stay because Miss Hempstead said that he had already been out to see the young lady twice before this year. At about nine o'clock the lights went out all over the building. I lit the lantern and



started down to Great Hall where the company was, but one of the young ladies called, "You had better take that upstairs where they are trying to study, Rudolph," so I did. There were a lot of young ladies in the halls looking for candles and I gave them some. Just as they were all fixed and I had been down in the storeroom to get candles for everyone, the lights went on again. Three phone calls came in the meantime. I hope they were not important.

### SATURDAY

Have had a hard time keeping things in order tonight. As fast as I lock the doors someone comes and unlocks them again. I don't see why the young ladies have to go outside after dinner anyhow. Just as I was coming back from my fourth round I met Mrs. Murphy and Madame Peltier in the hall. They were very much excited and said that Junior was lost. We looked all over the house for him, and then I took the lantern and we went all through the woods and way over to Tenleytown. We could not find him anywhere, so we decided that we would have to tell Mrs. Hensley. We went back to her house and started the search there. Finally we located him asleep in his bed. Mrs. Hensley said she never thought of looking for him there because he had such regular habits and it was way before his bedtime. There were several people waiting to be let in when we came back and the phone was ringing. The operator said she had had four long distance calls and six telegrams while I was gone. That just shows what happens when I am not here.

### SUNDAY

A phone call came for Miss Pelletier at 9.31 tonight;—just in time so I didn't have to go and get her. I was awakened tonight by a noise in the quadrangle, but it was late, so I went upstairs to see if I could find out what it was. I met Miss Emma Ritchie and Miss Margaret Martin on their way to Miss Hill's section. They

explained that they had to see Miss Gaffney on important business and that sounded reasonable enough, so I said no more. I wonder what that noise in the quadrangle could have been. I would have gone out, only I hate to run the risk of meeting people that late at night. I was awakened at four this morning by a terrible crash in the direction of Cloister Hall. I went down and found that it was Miss Robinson on her way to study hall. She had fallen down the entire staircase with a large armful of books. Being a night watchman certainly does break into one's sleep!

By Gertrude Meacham.





## THE PRESENT COAL SITUATION

TO THE human race has come the possibility of peace and ease, beauty and learning, through a material form, coal. Coal is, in reality, the base, the nucleus, around which civilization has been built. Before coal came, man, with a few favored exceptions, had to satisfy his longing for peace and plenty through his dreams, dreams which have come down to us in the legends of China, India and Greece. But there was no way for man to make these dreams come true. His whole existence was just a struggle to live. But with the coming of coal there rose the possibility of producing more than enough to keep everyone alive, the possibility of a world surplus on which to base civilization, and so make possible the development of art, science, beauty and learning. Coal has come to be the principal material factor in the industrial development of the world, the base and foundation upon which it rests, for modern industrialism is dependent upon the accomplishment of more work than human labor alone is capable of performing. The multiplication of this human effort is brought about by the utilization of coal. Take it away, and the great structure which represents all material progress would be an impossible thing. By the power developed in its combustion the wheels of industry are kept in motion, commerce is carried on with rapidity and certainty over all portions of the world, and the useful metals of the earth are brought up from its depths and wrought into shapes useful to the service or destruction of mankind.

Coal is absolutely indispensable to a nation for without it no country can hope to be supreme in either war or peace. The pre-eminence of Great Britain in world affairs in the last hundred years has been chiefly due to her surplus productions of coal. It has given power to her ships, and economic balance to her trade while the slow industrial development of Spain, Italy and South America, which has so often been ascribed to racial, political or religious conditions, has been, in reality, caused by their lack of coal. Today

no Frenchman would deny the statement that the future of France depends perhaps on the coal fields of the Ruhr valley. A nation, then, leads industrially according to the amount of coal it produces; its rank in the world's market is fixed by the amount of coal it consumes, and above all its future power is conditioned by the wealth of its coal mines. To man, coal is nature's greatest gift. It brings him wealth, comforts, luxuries. It is by far the most important of all mineral commodities, it is the material source of the energy of the world, the first factor in everything man does. With it almost any mechanical feat is possible; without it, man would be thrown back to the laborious poverty of early times.

Where, then, is this great resource found? A glance at the map of the world shows that it is widely distributed throughout the globe, and occurs, in a greater or lesser quantity, on every continent, and in many countries. But it is by no means evenly distributed—from either a geographical or a national standpoint; a fact of vast importance in its economic and political effects. Over half of the world's supply is to be found in North America. The United States itself possesses more than forty per cent, its vast resources underlying nearly 50,000 square miles. Our country has not only the largest deposits, but, what is of greater importance, is developing them at a far more rapid rate than any other nation turning out one-half of the world's quota.

It is to these vast coal fields that the United States owes her wealth and rapid commercial and industrial development for serving as a basis for manufacturing, they have transformed her from an agricultural country to the richest and most powerful nation of the world. Since our great American industrialism is founded on coal, we should realize the necessity of a properly functioning coal industry. But, alas, a cursory glance reveals that coal functions with less efficiency than any other industry in the country. It has been so mismanaged and is so disorganized that the situation has approached a crisis, and unless order and unification are established—a



catastrophe will result. There has been continual strife between labor and capital. The miners have been dissatisfied and eager to strike; the operators silent and unapproachable; and the public helpless to do anything but pay exorbitant prices.

Let us glance, then, for a moment at the history of this deplorable situation. It dates back to 1916 when the full effect of the Great War first began to be felt in this country through the increased cost of living which was the result of the purchase of supplies from us by the allied nations. This increase in living costs, and the sudden rise in the price of coal, due to the abnormal demand for it, caused the miners to become dissatisfied with their wages. Discontent soon spread throughout the country, and the labor situation became grave when, on account of the shortage of labor due to the cutting off of immigration and the unprecedented demand for all kinds of productions, the coal industries began bidding against each other for men by either increasing wages or by paying bonuses. This, of course, resulted in immediate discord. In sections where bonuses were not offered, the miners resorted to strikes to force their employers to meet the conditions developed in mines receiving bonuses. The situation was serious. Informal conferences were held between operators and miners but to no avail. The demand for products by warring nations continued. The situation in regard to selling prices and labor grew more unsatisfactory. Other industries bid for labor. Living costs increased. Miners and operators forgot their contracts and obligations. Individual operators raised wages, and miners struck. The country became alarmed. Something had to be done. The Peabody-Lane agreement was made by which the miners consented to work until April, 1920, or until peace should be declared. After this matters went along smoothly until 1919 when the miners met, and declared that their contract had expired, since the war, to all practical purposes, was ended, and because the cost of living had increased, they formulated demands for an increase in wages, shorter working hours and nationalization of the coal miners. The operators refused to meet these demands declar-

ing that the miners had broken their contract. No agreement could be reached, and on November first over 400,000 miners walked out, and the great coal strike of 1919 began. Its effect was soon felt throughout the country, nights were lightless, schools and factories were closed, train service was curtailed, and there was cold and suffering in many homes. A Fuel Administrator was appointed, war-time prices and distribution were resumed, and fuel conservation orders, more drastic in some respects than any during the war, were issued. The country continued to suffer. More conferences were held, the operators made offers of slight increases. The miners rejected them restating their original demands though slightly modified. These terms the operators refused. The situation became acute. Finally the government intervened. Matters were investigated, and the facts disclosed. The strike bosses learned that they were acting in violation of the law enacted for national defense during a war not yet ended, and capital was told that it was under suspicion of conspiracy and profiteering punishable under this same law. Realizing the seriousness of these charges, both parties soon reached an agreement. Fourteen per cent increase in wages, exactly what living costs were found to have been increased, was given to the miners and a tribunal having authority to consider all future questions of wages, working conditions, prices and profits, was decided upon. Finally on December 10th, the strike was called off, and the miners resumed work. The crisis had been averted, but the fundamental causes of the situation had been in no way removed, and so there has continued to be recurring labor unrest, high prices and annual shortages ever since.

There are many factors which contribute to this situation but nearly all can be traced back to two chief causes, the over-development of the mines and the seasonal demand.

The coal industry has been greatly over-developed. There is such an abundance of coal-bearing land and it is so easy to open new mines that an excessive number have been developed. There



fore the capacity of the industry greatly exceeds the needs of the country, and far more capital and labor than necessary is employed. This overdevelopment means an enormous waste of both natural and human forces. A waste which is generally underestimated on the assumption that our coal supplies are virtually limitless. But one cannot predict how long they will last. The drafts on our coal resources increase rapidly each year. More coal has been used in the last twenty years than in all past time, and coal beds which forty years ago were predicted to have a life of at least two hundred years, are now practically exhausted. This waste is a real cause for alarm, and it is utterly unnecessary. Our mines produce just twice as much coal as is needed, and our methods of mining are so inefficient and wasteful that for every ton produced, a second ton is placed beyond recovery or usage. From twenty to fifty per cent of a mine's deposits is left in the ground. It often happens that different companies own adjoining mines and fearing that they may accidentally work each other's claims and so cause a lawsuit, large barriers of valuable coal are left undeveloped on the boundaries. Still more frequently it happens that the miners, while working a vein, discover a far richer one nearby and, realizing that it will be more profitable, they abandon the first one which then becomes flooded in the mining process and is so lost. These losses are not temporary but permanent, and when we realize that three hundred pounds of coal, even under the present wasteful and inefficient manner in which it is utilized, represents the labor equivalent of one man for an entire year, we readily see how significant is the conserving of our fuel energy.

But the sheer waste of coal, serious as it is, is not the only thing to be considered. There is the human element, the unnecessary use of man-power in a disagreeable form of work where the loss of life and limb is a constant menace. The story of coal is a story of waste from beginning to end, a waste of natural resources, human endeavor, capital and energy.

But it is really the seasonal demand which is mostly responsible

for the labor unrest, for high prices, and for annual shortages. Of course, it is only natural that there should be a seasonal demand for coal in a country with a climate like that of the United States, for homes, schools, stores and factories all need heat in winter. But, as long as a seasonal demand continues, there will be disorder, for this makes it necessary to maintain a production which will be sufficient to meet the maximum demand in a comparatively short time. The coal companies therefore endeavor to keep enough men on the rolls to carry over the rush season. But the supply of labor is not always equal to the capacity of the development of the mines and in periods of great prosperity, when the demand for coal suddenly increases, a labor shortage develops. On the other hand, if the supply of labor is sufficient then, it is excessive the rest of the year, and part-time employment results. This demand develops a seasonal price—high enough to carry the expenses of the dull periods and the extra expenses of additional equipment in the rush season. It also causes great confusion to the railroads, for coal forms about thirty-four per cent of the nation's total railway tonnage, and the railroads own approximately a million coal-carrying cars. This seasonal demand means congestion in the peak months and idleness in the slack months, and forces the carrying lines to store thousands of their cars during the summer. This practice naturally increases railroad expenses—for cars in storage not only afford no revenue but they deteriorate rapidly during the periods of disuse and, in the fall months when the coal rush commences, the railroads have to gather together a small army of workmen to repair and handle them. This transportation system is one of the weakest links in our coal supply. The number of freight cars has never been equal to the full capacity of the development of the mines, and thus, with every period of prosperity, there is bound to occur a car-shortage. Moreover, the railways do not distribute the cars equally, and sometimes one mine will have an excess number of them while another nearby will be forced to shut down on account of their lack. The successful mining of coal depends on an unbroken line of coal cars



going past the mouth of the mines, because, on account of its combustible nature, coal cannot be mined in quantity and left in heaps outside the mine. For this reason a shortage of cars means a stoppage of mining.

To this overdevelopment of the mines and seasonal demand is due the primary cause of the discontent of the miner—the irregularity of the working year. The coal industry is but a part-time industry running only about two-thirds of the working days of a year. During the last thirty years, it has averaged two hundred and fifteen days out of a possible three hundred and eight, by which system thirty per cent of the working time is lost in enforced idleness. At times this idleness has greatly increased as in the disastrous year of nineteen twenty-one when the total loss of days mounted to a hundred and thirty-nine. It is, moreover, an intermittent industry and the intermittency varies. Other industries may be seasonal and work, perhaps, for four months at a stretch and follow this by two months of idleness, but coal mining has rarely a stretch of continuous work lasting a week, and, in times of slack demand, many mines have to shut down, and a large body of labor is forced out of employment. Since the earnings of the miner are limited by the amount of work he has the opportunity to do, this means a direct loss of income. For though he receives a high daily wage yet because of this irregularity of work, his average yearly wage ranges only from \$702.00 to \$988.00, a sum wholly inadequate for an even moderately decent existence. For this reason a miner is driven to demand a higher wage to compensate for his idleness. This, of course, increases the costs of the operators, and means lower profits for them. Labor and capital both seek prices high enough to cover the expected idle times as well as the actual working time, and larger profits and higher prices loom up as the logical result of this vicious circle of too many mines, too many miners, and a too short working time.

We now see how completely disorganized the industry is, and realize that, unless something is done, the present conditions will con-

tinue, coal prices soaring higher and higher will raise the cost of all manufactured articles and, lacking an adequate supply of cheap fuel, American industry will suffer severely. Something must be done to put order and organization into the industry, but it is a difficult problem. The miner cannot solve it. He has done all he can through the labor unions to stabilize his hours and wage. The operators seem unable to solve it for they have met for the purpose of bettering conditions again and again but as their interests are chiefly or solely those of profits, these meetings have only offered them an irresistible temptation to profiteer. There is no case on record where capital and labor have met together that the public has not been made to suffer. But it is useless to blame individuals. The blame is not personal. Coal operators are victims as well as beneficiaries of the existing system. The anti-trust laws forbid them to combine, and as a group of private individuals, who are operating a basic industry in obedience to the motive of their own profit, they are unable to reorganize and control an industry in the interest of the public. And so the solution can be only in the hands of the public itself—just as it should be. For coal is really a public utility. It is as essential to industry as air and water are to life. No one would ever consider that either air or water should belong to any group of individuals, and why then should coal? Our coal resources do not belong to capital or to labor, but are the birthright of the people, and it is their duty to prevent the waste of these resources which is taking place under private ownership. Coal plays such an important part in modern life that the American people can no longer avoid the responsibility of its control. They should know that their coal is being produced under a system full of inefficiency and injustice. They should know it all the more because it is their own thoughtlessness, selfishness, and lack of interest which is mainly responsible. But what is to be done? Many solutions have been offered, such as bankruptcy for a half of the coal mines, or the dismissal of over one hundred and fifty thousand surplus miners. But these suggestions are too radical to be carried out, however de-



sirable. The American people are not prepared to use a remedy in keeping with the severity of the disease, but if they are not, they must expect abuses to increase until finally they are ready to substitute for this existing method a new and better one.

The one possible solution seems to be nationalization. It has been considered very seriously by England as the solution of her coal problem, and England's problem is very like ours. For though she has closer co-operation between capital and labor, and though her labor party has a better standing, is more highly organized, and contains a greater number of intellectual men than ours, yet she has had great trouble in her coal industry. Her last strike in 1920-1921, alone, cost her more daily than the great war. But England is a few steps in advance of us—theoretically if not practically. In 1919 she realized that all was not running smoothly, and appointed a commissioner to investigate the conditions prevailing in the coal industry. This commission conducted an exhaustive inquiry and made many discoveries. The principal one, however, was that the present system of ownership and work in the industry was inefficient and that some other system had to be substituted. The committee suggested nationalization. Nationalization means the substitution of public for private ownership. Under it the nation would own the mines, and the industry would be regarded as a whole, and worked as a whole. There would be no shareholders or capitalists. Their prosperity would become the prosperity of the nation. They would, of course, be compensated for their holdings by the nation as a whole by a scheme which would in no way, burden the public, but would be based on the output of the industry, and by which, under normal conditions, the total capital of the industry would be returned in ten years.

The advantages of this system would be many. The industry worked as a single mine of collective production would co-ordinate the mines and do away with all the sectional waste which is inherent in private competitive enterprises. The requirements of the market would be ascertained, and the production would be in pro-

portion to meet these requirements. Selling and distribution of coal would be improved, transportation regulated, mining conditions bettered, the public would benefit, and the industry as a whole could expand in such a manner as to provide for the well-being of all other dependent industries.

Of course, this nationalization of the whole coal supply of England is admitted to be a great experiment, and may or may not offer an immediate solution, but it, at least, affords the only possible basis on which a solution can be subsequently founded. America will have the great advantage of seeing how it works out in England before she tries it herself. For England's solution will undoubtedly be our solution.

But in the meantime, while the results of this experiment are being anxiously awaited, the public should study the situation and make known the facts. The consumer realizing his duty would then order his coal in advance, thus making possible storage at the point of consummation, which would effect the continuity of production and, relieving the railroad congestion, would permit more efficient use of railway equipment, with the result that expenses would be reduced to a minimum, and the industry fully stabilized. Thus, by creating in the producers and the public an interest in the efficiency of the industry as a public utility, co-operation and organization would be brought about, and the good of the industry—a steady supply of coal to the consumer at a reasonable price, regular work and annual income for the miner, a well-managed industry, and the safe-guarding of our coal for the future—be attained. Then and only then can the industrial world be well ordered and civilization progress.

Rosalind Cummings.



## SOCIETY NOTES

### Senior Housewarming

THE first event to open the social season of M. V. S., our famous winter resort, was a housewarming given by the Seniors on October 14th. Every member of the graduating class entertained lavishly, and fruitfully, in more than one sense of the word. We admired their flowers, devoured their fruit and racked our brains to leave some scintillating reminders of us in their memory books. The evening was delightfully spent in acquainting the new arrivals with the veteran members of M. V. S.

### The Senior Movie

Our gallant Seniors widened the circles of their first social splash by entertaining the new girls with a movie, "The Prodigal Judge," which proved to be very excellent.

### FAG WEEK

From October 16th to October 20th, the candidates for the Junior Class again had to go through the agonies of "Fag Week," but they held up bravely under the strain, especially eight girls, who because of their merit, were made Juniors on the 19th, instead of the 20th.

### THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

A model and conventional Young Ladies' Seminary was transformed on Hallowe'en night into an eery dwelling place for ghosts, witches, and gypsies interspersed with widely grinning pumpkins. Supper at the shelter and entertainments given by the various classes were of breathless interest. We firmly advise the Senior class to enroll themselves among the members of Keith's famous circuit, with the Horrocks-McKelvy-Cummings trio as a headliner. The Junior class we find eligible for any Music Box Revue or Ziegfield Follies, for their selection from the Chauve Souris, though short, was fascinatingly produced. The White class entered into the realms of occultism for their inspiration. Peggy Hosmer was dis-

covered to be an adept fortune teller, for, though her replies may not have been in answer to the very question you had asked, they were both interesting and original. The oriental dancer, Ann Abrahams, gave an exhibition of grace and beauty such as has rarely honored the American stage. Last, but certainly not least, we offer our praise and heartiest congratulations to the Yellow class, for on their noble effort was bestowed the honor of the evening, the magnificent tin drinking cup! Very sensibly they turned to their grandmothers for the true spirit of Hallowe'en, which they generously conveyed to us in a spirited barn dance. To add to this delightful evening, a gift of fat red apples arrived from Mrs. Woolfolk.

### THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

We believe that the spirit of giving was very well illustrated in the Christmas Party, which is a yearly affair and has become a tradition in M. V. S. The servants and their families are entertained by song or by a play, and a big Christmas tree, glittering with lights and multi-colored balls always stands majestically by the piano. This particular entertainment consisted in some very charming tableaux arranged by Miss Cole and Miss Edwards, and a choir, all in white and red, especially trained by Mrs. Payne, who has never once been known to refuse her numerous requests for help. The servants in their turn entertained the school, the little ones by speaking amusing "pieces," and the older ones by songs and poems. We were especially interested in the Excelsior Club. When the guests departed, we went up to bed with singing hearts and the hope that they had enjoyed the party every bit as much as we had.

### ENTERTAINMENTS FOR CHAPEL FUND

Who would have recognized the gym in the dimly lighted cabaret of the Parisienne underworld in which the Juniors gave their entertainment for the Chapel Fund? Every detail was com-



plete, from the sputtering candles on the square tables to the dainty figures silhouetted on the lights. French artists, arrayed in costumes various and, to say the least, unusual, courteously waited on the patrons of the short-lived establishment. True to its type, various amusements were offered. Perhaps one of the most amusing was a very realistic impersonation of those famous Gish sisters in "Orphans of the Storm" by the talented Misses Young and Davison, whose services were very fortunately acquired by the redoubtable Juniors for the evening. A very pretty feature of the entertainment was furnished by the versatile Miss Young and her troupe of talented young actresses frequently billed as the "Tripping, Entrancing, Teasing Ten from Tenleytown." It is with many regretful sighs that we remember the unexpected raid which closed the famous Cafe des Artistes, after a duration of but one night.

### THE YELLOW MOVIE

The Yellows thrilled our flapper souls by offering us the pleasure of viewing "Sonny," starring Dick Barthelmess. We enjoyed it immensely, particularly the hot dogs and chocolate after the entertainment.

### THE VALENTINE BALL

Old St. Valentine probably rolled agitatedly over in his grave on the eve of February 10th, for strange and varied were the costumes donned by the Seminaryites for the festival occasion of the ball. Sheiks, mysterious and aloof in their robes of snowy sheets, dainty Pierrettes and Pierrots, and others not so dainty, but more robust, Arabian ladies, only their liquid orbs visible, and the royal family of Hohenzollern, from the least of its princes to the hirsute Kaiser (alias Meach.), in all its glory which triumphantly captured the prize for the most original costume. The refreshments were delicious. Nothing was to be desired, and we congratulate the White and Yellow classes on their sophisticated "savoir faire" as hostesses.

## MRS. SOMER'S BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Somer's birthday is always a day to be pleasantly treasured in our memories. We were glad to see her this year and wish her many more equally happy birthdays.

## THANKSGIVING

If any one was peeking in one of the brightly lighted windows of M. V. S. on Thanksgiving night, he must have been highly astounded, and, we venture to say, slightly amused at the strange sight that greeted his curious gaze. We shall try to make you see through our eyes the event about which we are struggling to write. Picture a large room, "Evidently a Gymnasium," quoth Sherlock H. as he viewed with deep interest the various implements of torture hanging from the ceiling—decorative to say the least. But we must not digress from our path. Visualize, if you can, an astounding phenomena! Three or four moist and coyly blushing lads ogling indiscriminately at several thousand raucous females who passed them savagely all around. Long "stag," or rather "doe" lines gracefully ornamented the ball room. Who could resist such a bevy of beauties? Evidently, the young men found it impossible, for it has been whispered about the school that, upon leaving the shelter of our sacred portal, each one of these fragile young violets fainted lingeringly upon the doorstep.

## FRENCH CLUB

Madame Peltier has been relating, to her would-be Parisienne audience, the story of Josephine and Napoleon, in a more than interesting form. We hear vague rumors of a masterpiece to be produced in the near future but they have yet to be confirmed.



## THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The Juniors and Seniors have looked forward all year to their farewell banquet, and the long-anticipated event took place on Thursday evening, the 28th of April. Study Hall was transformed into a veritable banquet hall, twinkling with candle light, and filled with the scent of roses and violets. Sadness and mirth both presided over the occasion, for as we laughed at the clever toasts, the thought that the two closely related classes would so soon be parted was ever present in our minds. We are publishing some of the speeches which we thought especially commendable.

## THE COLUMBIA GLEE CLUB

Words fail me, my brain whirls dizzily, as I try to express in mere prose the crowning event of the Season's Social functions. For one whole afternoon the sacred precincts of Mount Vernon were flooded with collegiate individuals—hats tipped rakishly over their noses, bright scarfs gracing their manly necks—! Our eyes were dazzled, our hearts fluttered, all was palpitating beneath our modest exteriors. Their music was, if you'll pardon the colloquialism, absolutely divine. The gym. rang with the thunder of their voices, so different from our girlish trebles as we pipe forth the morning hymn. After the concert, with true decorum, we all modestly retired to our boudoirs, therefrom to view with reverent gaze the disappearing figures of our handsome entertainers as they departed from our midst to leap into waiting—street cars!







# DRAMATICS





## "AS YOU LIKE IT"

### The Senior Play

Although the student body had rather expected to view "The Miser" on the night of December 9th, they found the forthcoming Senior production entirely "As You Like It." Rosie leapt to the tip top of the ladder of fame without heeding the immortal first slow and toiling steps. Chris, or shall we say, Orlando, was the graceful, poetic, and altogether charming lover that Shakespeare meant him to be. Indeed, the whole cast covered itself with glory, and we think Miss Plummer and Miss Edwards will have amply won their halos when they reach celestial bliss.

The cast was as follows:

Duke, living in banishment . . . . .	GERTRUDE MEACHAM
Frederick, his brother . . . . .	GERTRUDE MEACHAM
Amiens } Lords attending on { . . . . .	MARIE WILLCOX
Jacques } the banished Duke { . . . . .	VIRGINIA JAMES
Le Beau, a courtier attending Frederick . . .	VIRGINIA WOOLFOLK
Charles, wrestler to Frederick . . . . .	ROSALIND CUMMINGS
Oliver } Sons of Sir Rowlande de Boys { . . .	GRETCHEN KAYSER
Orlando } . . . . .	CHRISTINE MCKELVY
Adam, servant to Oliver . . . . .	CORNELIA BAUM
Touchstone, a clown . . . . .	HELEN HORROCKS
Corin } Shepherds { . . . . .	LOUISE LEONARD
Silvius } . . . . .	ELIZABETH STAUFFER
William, a country fellow . . . . .	ELEANOR CHINN
Rosalind, daughter to the banished Duke . .	ETHEL ROSENFELD
Celia, daughter to Frederick . . . . .	KATHERINE MCKINNON
Phoebe, a shepherdess . . . . .	CRUZ FREEMAN
Audrey, a country wench . . . . .	JANE ROBINSON
Lords and Attendants	



## MILESTONES

### The Junior Play

"Milestones," the second play of the season, was produced by the talented Junior Class on the twenty-second of February. It dealt with the hardships and the crucial moments of three generations of an old English family and introduced a large cast and many interesting characters.

We watched with mingled pleasure and distress, Lynn, the hero, change from an everything-that-could-be-desired lover into a wobbly pathetic old man. As for Ginny and Bill, we shudder as we look into their futures and see the trembling, squeaking old ladies some fifty-odd years will make of them.

The costumes were exceptionally lovely, some of them being Worth gowns of more than a half century ago, and the scenery lacked no finishing touch, thanks to Miss Edwards' artistic taste.

The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Rhead . . . . .	HARRIET PILCH
Rose Sibly . . . . .	VIRGINIA DAVISON
Gertrude Rhead, Mrs. Rhead's daughter . . . . .	ELVIRA YOUNG
Thompson, their butler . . . . .	POLLY SCHODER
Ned Pym, a dandy of the day . . . . .	VIRGINIA JONES
Samuel Sibly, Rose's brother . . . . .	ELEANOR BATON
John Rhead, Mrs. Rhead's son . . . . .	LYNN JOHNSTON
Emily Rhead, John Rhead's daughter . . . . .	KATHERINE HOWELL
Arthur Preece, the self-made man . . . . .	MARIAN GAFFNEY
Nancy Sibly, a Yorkshire woman . . . . .	KITTY WATSON
Lord Monkhurst, Emily's son . . . . .	BETTY SLAUGHTER
The Honorable Muriel Pym, Emily's daughter . . . . .	CHARLOTTE CHASE
Webster, the efficient butler . . . . .	ADDISON PELLETIER
Richard Sibly, Samuel's son . . . . .	EMMA RITCHIE

## KATY DID

### The Yellow Play

Yes! Beyond the shadow of a doubt, Katy certainly Did! We eagerly sat on the extreme edges of our chairs and breathlessly watched the unamateurish actresses creep stealthily about the stage.

Although the whole performance was a howling success, it created a momentary disturbance, for upon viewing that charming young ladies' seminary of so long ago, we could not help comparing it with our own, and the results were disappointing! How we longed for some such thrilling soul as Mr. Bradford, i.e., Mary Strachan, to haunt these thoroughly feminine premises.

But then our pleasure far exceeded our temporary disappointment. Miggy as Katy, was as charming and clever a Miss as could be desired, and we didn't blame Bradford for adoring her. The other young boarding school Misses, Marjorie Pell, Genevieve Stewart, Libby Davison, and Julia Knox Folmar, were equally as fascinating. However, each and every one did exceedingly well, and our girlish enthusiasm certainly bubbled on that evening, the tenth of March.

The cast was as follows:

Jonathan Edwards Bradford	. . . . .	MARY STRACHAN
Richard Pendleton	. . . . .	BONNIE GRACE WING
Lloyd Evemond	. . . . .	DOROTHY DAVIDSON
Madame Cecilia La Grae	. . . . .	MARGARET KAHLKE
Anne Rideout, her niece	. . . . .	MARY ELIZABETH HAYWARD
Penelope Tayloe	. . . . .	JULIA KNOX FOLMAR
Elspeth Winslow	. . . . .	GENEVIEVE STEWART
Hope Winthrop	. . . . .	ELIZABETH DAVISON
Stephen	} Madam's children {	HELEN YOUNG
Marie		MARY LUPE
Margaret Calhoun	. . . . .	MARJORIE PELL
Katherine Pendleton	. . . . .	MARGARET MCCANDLESS

## THE DRAGON

### The White Class Play

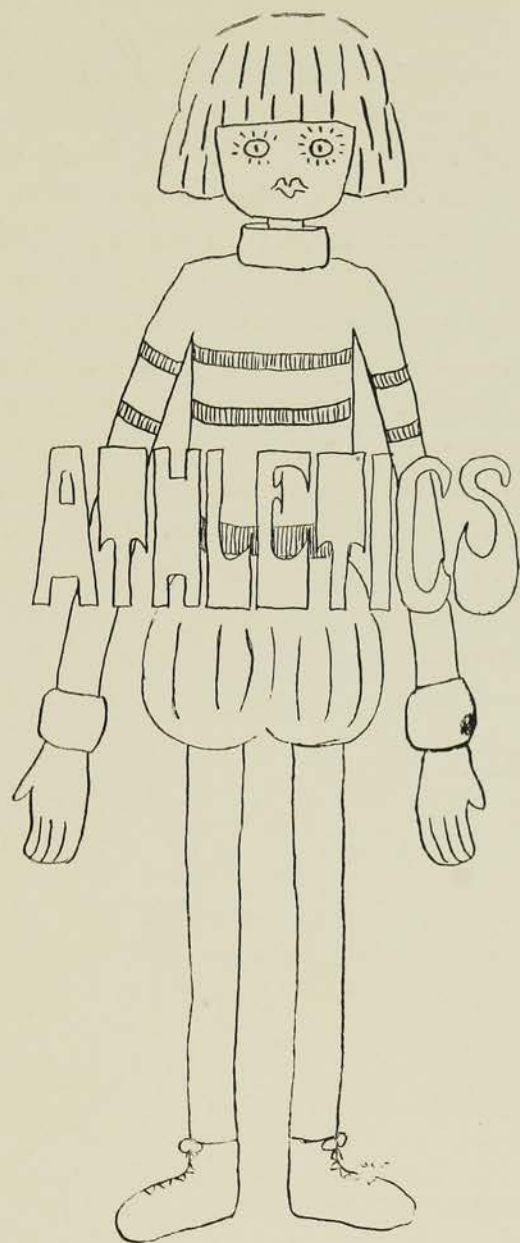
After viewing the imposing poster of the White Class Play with a flaming dragon depicted thereon, we anxiously, and a trifle fearfully, awaited the evening of the twenty-second of March. Finally the great night arrived and with intense excitement we watched for the tempestuous arrival of the fire breathing monster, but fell limply back, fainting with relief, and must I say mirth, as the "pocket edition" issued shyly forth hoarsely mumbling, "Mo'—Mo'."

Mabel, we fear, is the victim of a mistaken existence. We feel that she was created for a querulous, crotchety, but altogether lovable monarch in the drama of life. Ann possessed all the poise and dignity of Queen Elizabeth at least, and made a truly fitting mate for her lord and master. Ruth Jones was the spoiled but charming princess, and Beth, as the Prince, astonished us all with her unexpected talent. She was handsome and engaging as any of the renowned princes of fairy tales. On the whole it was an exceptional little playlet, delightfully enacted.

The cast was as follows:

The King . . . . .	MABEL GROSVENOR
The Queen . . . . .	ANN ABRAHAMS
The Princess Nuala . . . . .	RUTH JONES
The Dall Glic, the Blind Wise Man . . . . .	GRACE RUESCHAW
The Nurse . . . . .	ROSEMARY AMES
The Prince of the Marshes . . . . .	MAXINE JENKINS
Manus, King of Sorcha . . . . .	BETH MCCAFFERTY
Fintan, the Astrologer . . . . .	FRANCES FOLEY
Taig, the Tailor . . . . .	MARGARET HOSMER
Sibby, Taig's Mother . . . . .	KATHERINE REVAR
Gate Keeper, a Boy . . . . .	ANNETTE KIRK
Two Aunts of the Prince of the Marshes . . . . .	{ GWENDOLYN ATWOOD HELEN HAUGAN
Foreign Men Bringing in Food . . . . .	{ MARIE TUREMAN ADA TUREMAN ODETTE RUESHAW LOUISE MUNN
The Dragon . . . . .	CORNELIA WHITE



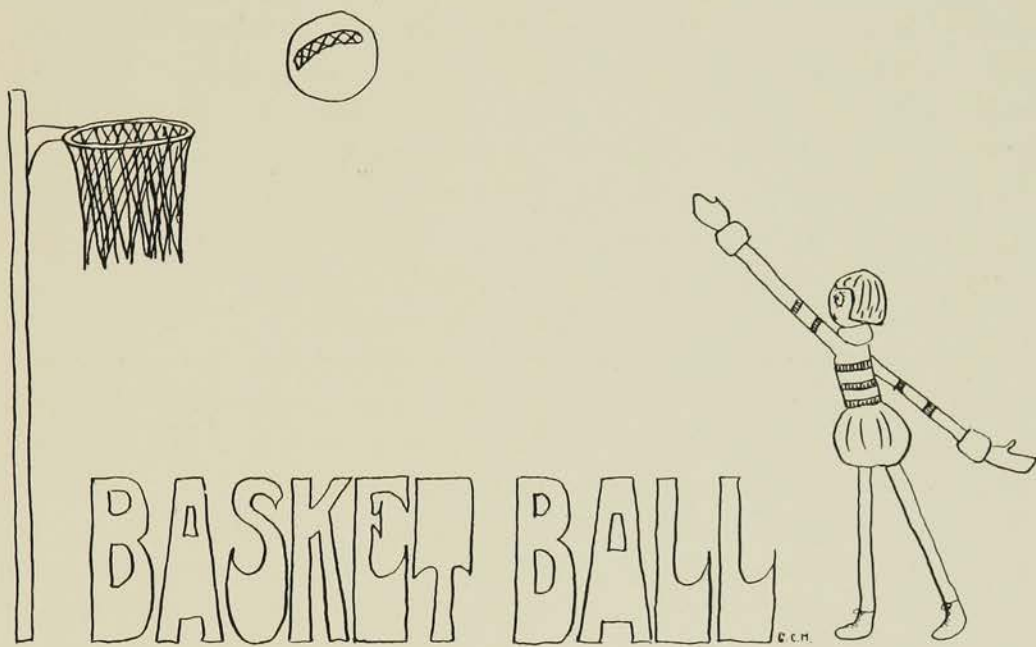


## THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	HELEN HAUGAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	CHRISTINE MCKELVY
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	JULIA GREEN

We think we can promise a much brighter future for our athletics next year. We hope to have a great deal more enthusiasm and interest, due to the fact that Mrs. Hensley has given us permission to challenge other schools in basket ball, baseball, and tennis. This, of course, means a lot in getting the new recruits interested, and the rest is entirely up to you, so hop into it and start things rolling at the beginning of school.

This year there is a great deal of speculation as to the outcome of the athletic events, as the four classes have been for some time almost equal contenders for the honors. The class Athletic Records are unusually close, the Juniors having 56 points to their credit, the Seniors 46, the Whites  $34\frac{1}{2}$ , and the Yellows  $33\frac{1}{2}$ . The individual track points made are counted for each class as in the Swimming. Medals are awarded to the two highest individual point winners and ribbons are awarded by Mrs. Hensley to the winners of the different events. The class winning the highest total number of points is awarded the Fletcher Trophy Cup. The above figures do not include the ten points for tennis doubles, ten points for tennis singles, nor ten points for exercise register.





## ATHLETICS

### Basket Ball

The first game, opening the 1922-23 Basket Ball season, was between the Yellow and White classes. Although the Yellows played an exceedingly good game, the White team was impossible to beat and they kept their large lead. Helen Haugan played brilliantly as forward making 18 individual baskets, and the game ended 52-20 in favor of the Whites. The teams were as follows:

Yellow Team		White Team
Ruth Lenfestey, Captain	Forward	Rosemary Ames
Elizabeth Bennett	Forward	Helen Haugan
Bonnie Grace Wing	Center	Gwendolyn Atwood, Captain
Margaret Capps	Side Center	Frances Foley
Mary Strachan	Guard	Anne Miller
Nell Nolte	Guard	Ann Abrahams

The second game between the Junior and Senior classes was fast and exciting from start to finish. The score was tied almost to the last whistle, but the Seniors played the steadier game and it closed 34-22 in their favor. The teams were as follows:

Senior Team		Junior Team
Jane Robinson	Forward	Addison Pelletier
Marie Willcox	Forward	Virginia Jones
Ethel Rosenfield	Forward and Guard	
Rosalind Cummings	Center	Marion Gaffney, Captain
Gretchen Kayser	Side Center	Harriet Pilch
Ida Belle Wheaton	Guard	Emily Whiting
Christine McKelvy, Captain	Guard	Charlotte Chase

Thanksgiving Day the championship game between the Whites and the Seniors was played. It was hotly contested but the Whites could not get around organized and concentrated team work. The final score was, Seniors 31, Whites 24, giving the Seniors 20 points toward the cup.







### JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

Captain—MARIAN GAFFNEY

Addison Pelletier	. . . . .	Forward
Virginia Jones	. . . . .	Forward
Marian Gaffney	. . . . .	Center
Harriet Pilch	. . . . .	Side Center
Emily Whiting	. . . . .	Guard
Charlotte Chase	. . . . .	Guard





## YELLOW BASKET BALL TEAM

Captain—RUTH LENFESTEY

[illegible]







## SWIMMING

Our annual Swimming Meet was held March 22d, the four classes being well represented. Gertrude Meacham starred for the Seniors, winning eleven points. Arla Avery was the Juniors' standby with six points. Genevieve Stewart won second highest individual honors with 10 points for the Yellow class, and Pat Foley won the greatest number of points for the Whites. The Yellows, with 24½ points carried off the honors of the Meet, the Seniors, with 23 points, running them a close second. The Juniors had 13 and the Whites 7½ points each. The points won will be counted on the individual class athletic records for the year. The teams were as follows:

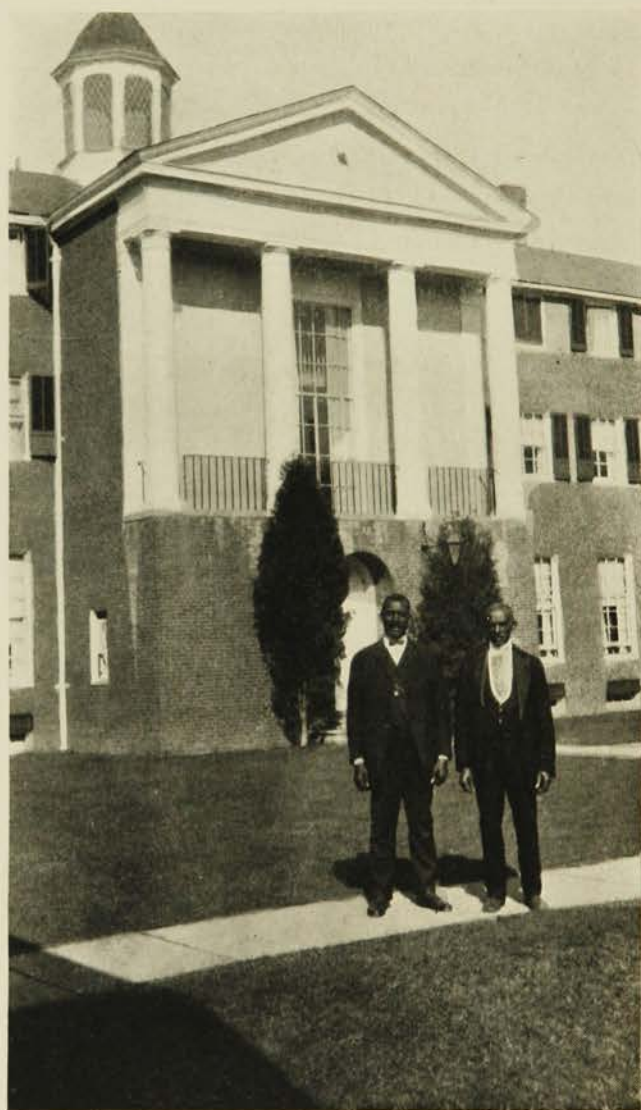
Senior Team	White Team
Gertrude Meacham, Captain	Frances Foley, Captain
Christine McKelvy	Jane Nicholson
Helen Horrocks	Gwendolyn Atwood
Rosalind Cummings	Grace Rueschaw
Ethel Rosenfield	Helen Haugan
Junior Team	Yellow Team
Arla Avery, Captain	Dorothy Davidson, Captain
Frances Sherman	Elizabeth Bennett
Marion Gaffney	Mary Strachan
Addison Pelletier	Genevieve Stewart
Kitty Watson	Marjorie Pell
	Margaret McCandless

The individual points were as follows:

Gertrude Meacham	. . . . .	11
Genevieve Stewart	. . . . .	10
Helen Horrocks	. . . . .	9
Christine McKelvy	. . . . .	7
Arla Avery	. . . . .	6
Dorothy Davidson	. . . . .	6
Frances Foley	. . . . .	6
Elizabeth Bennett	. . . . .	5
Frances Sherman	. . . . .	4
Rosalind Cummings	. . . . .	4

Marion Gaffney . . . . .	3
Addison Pelletier . . . . .	3
Marjorie Pell . . . . .	3
Ethel Rosenfield . . . . .	1
Gwendolyn Atwood . . . . .	1
Grace Rueschaw . . . . .	1/2
Margaret McCandless . . . . .	1/2

The events were as follows: Underwater Swim, Diving Contest, Dive and Dash, Races with the 5 strokes (Australian Crawl, Breast Stroke, Single Overarm, Double Overarm, and Back Stroke), Competition for Form, Plunge, and Class Relay Races.







BASEBALL

G.C.H.

## BASEBALL

The Athletic Committee met and decided to eliminate Hockey this year because the time was so limited, and to devote all our time to Baseball. The four baseball teams for 1923 were all evenly matched and the three games aroused more than the usual excitement and enthusiasm. The double header between the Whites and Juniors, and the Yellows and Seniors was held April 24th. The Whites and Juniors drew first place and the game was called at 4.00 P.M. Although the Whites played a steady game, Marian Gaffney, the Junior pitcher, with the help of team work, made a strong opposition, and the game ended Juniors 24, Whites 9. The teams were as follows:

Junior Team		White Team
Marian Gaffney, Captain	Pitcher	Helen Haugan
Emily Whiting	Catcher	Gwendolyn Atwood
Addison Pelletier	1st Base	Virginia Elliott
Arla Avery	2d Base	Rosemary Ames, Captain
Muriel Barnes	3d Base	Margaret Hosmer
Charlotte Chase	Short Stop	Jane Nicholson
Betty Slaughter	1st Fielder	Grace Rueschaw
Zabina Musgrave	2d Fielder	Anne Miller
Natalie Smith	3d Fielder	Ann Abrahams

The Yellow and Senior game was perhaps the more exciting of the two, and although Mary Strachan pitched a winning game, time was called, on account of darkness, with the score 16-15 in favor of the Seniors. The teams were as follows:

Senior Team		Yellow Team
Christine McKelvy, Captain	Pitcher	Mary Strachan, Captain
Gretchen Kayser	Catcher	Elizabeth Bennett
Rosalind Cummings	1st Base	Margaret Capps
Marie Willcox	2d Base	Meredith Lockhart
Jane Robinson	3d Base	Ruth Lenfestey
Ethel Rosenfield	Short Stop	Jane Walker
Helen Horrocks	1st Fielder	Dorothy Davidson
Katherine McKinnon	2d Fielder	Josephine Stieren
Gertrude Meacham	3d Fielder	Helen Young

The championship game between the Juniors and Seniors was called April 25th. The Seniors played exceedingly well and it was a speedy and hotly contested match. The game ended after the sixth inning, when Marian Gaffney held them to no runs with a 30 to 10 Junior victory. The Junior class thus won the 10 points for baseball and will be awarded the Baseball Trophy Cup.





# SENIOR BASEBALL TEAM

Captain—CHRISTINE MCKELVY

Christine McKelvy	Pitcher
Gretchen Kayser	Catcher
Rosalind Cummings	First Base
Marie Willcox	Second Base
Jane Robinson	Third Base
Ethel Rosenfield	Short Stop
Helen Horrocks	Left Field
Katherine McKinnon	Center Field
Gertrude Meacham	Right Field



# JUNIOR BASEBALL TEAM

Captain—MARIAN GAFFNEY

Marian Gaffney	Pitcher
Emily Whiting	Catcher
Addison Pelletier	First Base
Arla Avery	Second Base
Muriel Barnes	Third Base
Charlotte Chase	Short Stop
Betty Slaughter	Left Field
Zabina Musgrave	Center Field
Natalie Smith	Right Field





# YELLOW BASEBALL TEAM

Captain—MARY STRACHAN

Mary Strachan	Pitcher
Elizabeth Bennett	Catcher
Margaret Capps	First Base
Meredith Lockhart	Second Base
Ruth Lenfestey	Third Base
Jane Walker	Short Stop
Dorothy Davidson	Left Field
Helen Young	Center Field
Josephine Stieren	Right Field



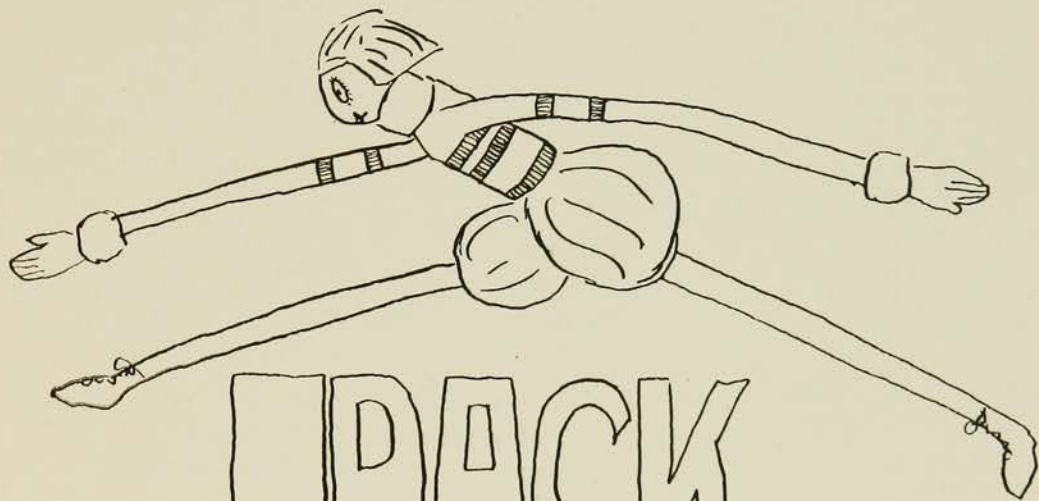


# WHITE BASEBALL TEAM

Captain—ROSEMARY AMES

Helen Haugan	Pitcher
Gwendolyn Atwood	Catcher
Virginia Elliott	First Base
Rosemary Ames	Second Base
Peggy Hosmer	Third Base
Jane Nicholson	Short Stop
Grace Rueschaw	Left Field
Anne Miller	Center Field
Ann Abrahams	Right Field





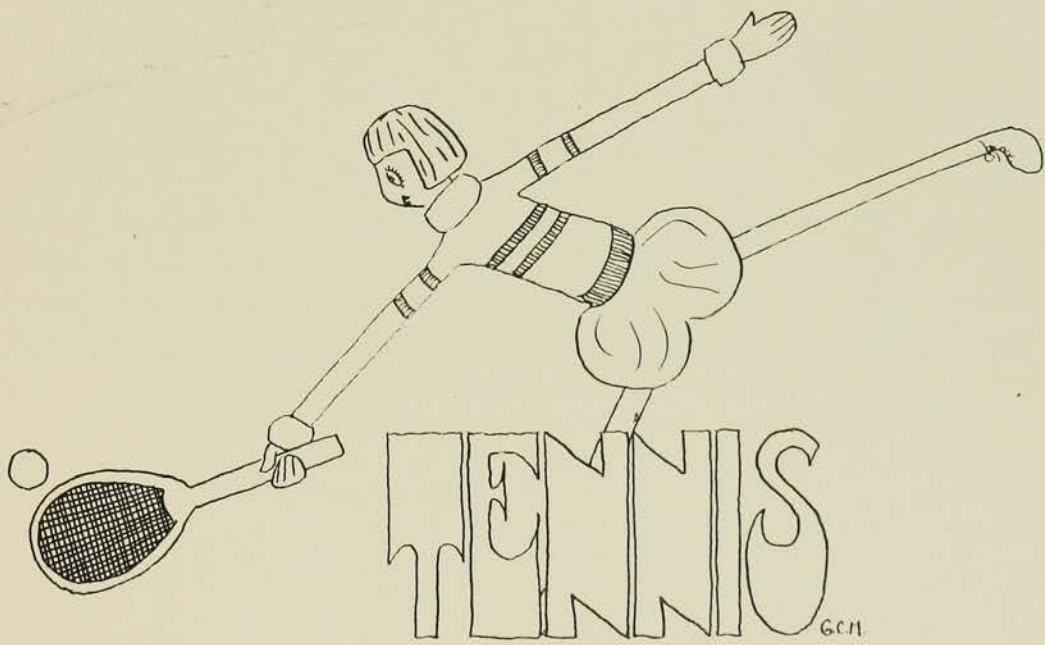
TRACK G.C.M.



## TRACK

The track meet will take place Saturday, May 12th, and will include the following events:

1. 50-yard dash.
2. Javelin throwing.
3. 100-yard dash.
4. Three-legged race.
5. Basket Ball throw.
6. Class Relay races.
7. Obstacle race.
8. Baseball throw.



## TENNIS

The preliminaries for the tennis tournament commenced immediately after spring vacation with 23 entrants in the singles and 7 teams in the doubles. The winner of the singles will receive a silver cup and 10 points for her class, and the winners of doubles will receive 2 small silver cups and 10 points for their class also.







## OPTIMA CLUB

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	HELEN RUSHTON
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	JANE ROBINSON
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	KATHERINE MCKINNON
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	VIRGINIA WOOLFOLK
<i>Honorary Members</i>	. . . . .	{ MRS. HENSLEY MISS HILL
	ROSEMARY AMES	KATHERINE MCKINNON
	HARRIET BABCOCK	MARGARET MARTIN
	CORNELIA BAUM	GERTRUDE MEACHAM
	ELEANOR CHINN	ELIZABETH PAXTON
	HELEN DICKSON	ADDISON PELLETIER
	MARIAN GAFFNEY	JANE ROBINSON
	MABEL GROSVENOR	HELEN RUSHTON
	VIRGINIA JAMES	NATALIE SMITH
	LYNN JOHNSTON	IDA BELLE WHEATON
	MARGARET KAHLKE	BONNIE GRACE WING
	GRETCHEN KAYSER	VIRGINIA WOOLFOLK
	CHRISTINE MCKELVY	





## FRENCH CLUB

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<i>Vice-President</i>	JANE ROBINSON
<i>Secretary</i>	CORNELIA BAUM
<i>Treasurer</i>	HELEN RUSHTON
<i>Honorary Member</i>	MME. PELTIER
MURIEL BARNES	EMMA RITCHIE
CORNELIA BAUM	JANE ROBINSON
ROSALIND CUMMINGS	HELEN RUSHTON
VIRGINIA DAVISON	POLLY SCHODER
CRUZ FREEMAN	MARY SHIRAS
KATHERINE HOWELL	NATALIE SMITH
KATHERINE MCKINNON	IDA BELLE WHEATON
GERTRUDE MEACHAM	ELVIRA YOUNG
ADDISON PELLETIER	





## WALKING CLUB

*President* . . . . . GERTRUDE MEACHAM

*Secretary-Treasurer* . . . . . POLLY SCHODER

CHARLOTTE CHASE

HELEN DICKSON

CRUZ FREEMAN

CHARLOTTE GATES

HELEN HAUGAN

RUTH LENFESTEY

MARY LUPE

MARGARET MARTIN

GERTRUDE MEACHAM

BETTY PAXTON

EMMA RITCHIE

POLLY SCHODER

BETTY SLAUGHTER

ELIZABETH STAUFFER

MARY ELIZABETH STEPHENSON

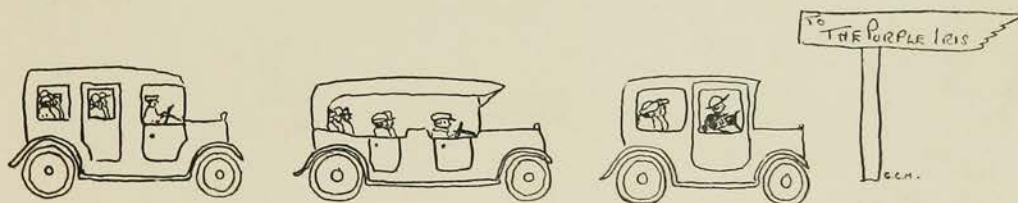
JOSEPHINE STIEREN

KATHERINE WATSON

IDA BELLE WHEATON

BONNIE GRACE WING

VIRGINIA WOOLFOLK



## CHORAL CLUB

MRS. A. K. PAYNE . . . . . *Director*  
MME. YVONNE DALOZ . . . . . *At the Piano*

### OFFICERS

*President* . . . . . CATHERINE HOWELL  
*Vice-President* . . . . . CHRISTINE McKELVY  
*Secretary* . . . . . MARGARET McCANDLESS

### MEMBERS

DELIGHT ARNOLD	ADDISON PELLETIER
GWENDOLYN ATWOOD	HARRIET PILCH
MARIAN BLACK	EMMA RITCHIE
MARGARET CAPPS	JANE ROBINSON
JULIA KNOX FOLMAR	ODETTE RUESCHAW
JULIA HASE	HELEN RUSHTON
MARY HAYWARD	FRANCES SHERMAN
HELEN HORROCKS	MARY SHIRAS
CATHERINE HOWELL	ELIZABETH STAUFFER
VIRGINIA JAMES	GENEVIEVE STEWART
RUTH LENOX	ADA TUREMAN
MARGARET McCANDLESS	MARIE TUREMAN
CHRISTINE McKELVY	EMILY WHITING
KATHERINE McKINNON	ELVIRA YOUNG
LOUISE MUNN	VIRGINIA WOOLFOLK

IN LIGHTER VEIN



ELEGY. (Written in M. V. S. Churchyard.)

The "lights-out bell" denotes the parting day,  
We scramble into bed amid much fuss,  
While section teachers their respects must pay,  
Then leave the school to darkness and to us.

Now fade the glimmering lights out, one by one,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where some room mates snatch their final fun,  
And cruelly are squelched by one who scolds.

Within these grim red walls we, half afraid,  
Our last good-nights to one another peep.  
Each in her narrow bed for all night laid,  
The cuties one by one drop off to sleep.

The piercing call of rising bell at morn,  
The banging of the windows round our heads,  
The radiator's squeaking so forlorn—  
All vainly try to rouse us from our beds.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Our sober footsteps never learned to stray.  
Beneath sequestered cloisters of this life  
We take our exercises for the day.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
Miss Hempstead's hidden far from our caress.  
Full many a flower repines with blush unseen  
And wastes her sweetness here at M. V. S.

The boast of tea dances, the pomp of proms.  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave  
Await alike th' inevitable calm—  
The paths of glory lead but to this grave!

(With apologies to Thomas Gray.)

## JOKES

Mary Lupe: "What'll I do? What'll I do? I've got an unexcused absence and I have to go and see Miss Cole about it!"

Dotty Wright: "Don't you worry—you go tell Miss Cole you were unattainably devoid. That's right—unattainably devoid."

### Heard in Bible Class

Question: "Who was Pontius Pilate?"

Answer: "God of the Underworld!"

Scene: Miss Cole's office.

Time: Present.

Miss Cole: "And have any of you any more plays in mind for the Commencement Play?"

Addison: "Oh yes! The Doll's House by—by—wait a minute, I know his name—Isben!"

Madame (in French dining room tries an exhibition of American slang.) "That's the way I am, Fanny!"

Rushie: "Oh, you mean, that's me all over, Mable!"

Miss Cole: "And who was Petrarch?"

Cornie: "Oh! Didn't he write Petrarch's Lives?"

Miss Walker: "Have any of you thought about wanting to change with someone whom you admire greatly?"

Rosie: "Yes, I have admired some people greatly, but I wouldn't want to change places with them!"

Miss Walker: "Why, Ethel?"

Rosie (disgustedly): "Why they're dead!"

Miss Walker (talking about self-control): "I have had members of my own family reproach me for being so pious and not losing my self-control when they have lost theirs."

Louise: "Passive resistance, Miss Walker."

Miss Trippett: "Mary, why don't you make the biscuits now and put them in the ice-box?"

Mary: "Oh—all right, Miss Trippett."

(few minutes later.)

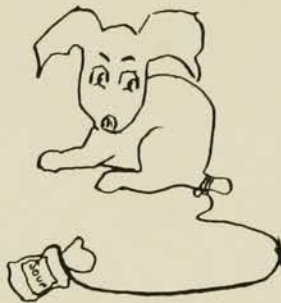
Mary: "Miss Trippett, er—a—Do I have to make those biscuits now? Can't we have hot ones for dinner?"

We did not know that Miss Carroll was interested in Ethiopians, but we overheard M. L. say, "How's your work with the African getting along?"

C. Chase: "I have been out running for track, but, good night, I was hysterical 'cause I can't run at all!"

Encouraging room-mate: "Oh sure you can, Chi!"

Chi: "No, I can't either. The only thing I can run is my bath."



What's always bound to occur?  
A tin can.

I hear Mr. DeVoe is painting a skating picture of you!  
Yes, I have to give him two sittings every day.

He: "Your playing moves me!"

She (at piano): "Yes, I have moved two families this week."

—Moving Picture Weekly.

Wigg: "Ever have water on the knee?"

Wagg: "Never!"

Wigg: "Filthy creature!"



Virginia: "Mama, are we descended from monkeys?"

Mama: "Goodness, no! Our folks came from Wales!"

—Princeton Tiger.

"Run along sun," said Mr. Cloud, "while I have my shower!"

A: "Do you know Boo?"

B: "Boo, who?"

A: "Don't cry!"

—Virginia Reel.

"Everyone is simply crazy about me," said the keeper, as he locked up the asylum for the night.

We were extremely disappointed in the fact that the splendid acting of Charles Rann Kennedy and Edith Wynne Mathison failed to hold the attention of a certain member of the faculty who was seen to doze off at intervals during the afternoon.



Cross-eyed man at dance: "May I have the honor of this dance?"

Two wall flowers (in unison): "With pleasure!"

The visiting Englishman stared at the ugliest baby he had ever seen, which was sitting on its mother's lap. His fixed gaze excited her indignation.

"Rubber!" she cried.

"Thank goodness! I fawncied it was real!"

Teacher: "Paul, use the word 'expectorate' in a sentence."

Paul: "Without a car, how can you expectorate."

Mike: "Water has killed more people than liquor ever did!"

Ike: "How come?"

Mike: "Well, to begin with, there was the flood—!"

Bill: "If there is anything in a man, travel will bring it out!"

Bob: "Yes, especially ocean travel!"

Rosemary Ames at the Wing of a Peacock perched on a Young Pine tree. Henry may, though Hase the Wright, to Stauffer with cotton Baton or will Charlotte Chase it to the Black Gates of the Barnes?

Polly Schoder the boat in which she will ride on the White Capps and then let Josephine Stieren on a Fishback.

"My heart's in the sea," murmured the poet.

"You go me one better," said the seasick passenger taking a firmer grip on the rail.

First Cannibal: "The Chief has hay fever."

Second Cannibal: "Serves him right, we told him not to eat that grass widow."  
—Princeton Tiger.

"May I kiss you good-night?"

"I should say not!"

But she didn't.

—Panther.

See: "Digging a hole?"

Saw: "Naw, digging dirt—leaving a hole."  
—Boll Weevil

My brother got his left side cut off today by a street car.

How is he now?

Now he is all right.

Olivia: "You've been eating oranges."

Oliver: "Why no!"

Olivia: "I see the skin all over your face."

"Good gracious!" said the hen as she saw the porcelain egg.  
"I shall be a brick-layer next!"

Dotty Wright (in History class): "Miss Walker, how many kings  
were decomposed before James I."



## BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD, OH TIME, IN THY FLIGHT

LET the spirit of the past take us back to a day many years ago. We enter the front door of Mount Vernon Seminary. The FRONT door today because we are invisible and cannot be seen to be reprimanded. It is in the morning, so perhaps it might be interesting to visit the classes which are now in session. Let us enter room A where, I think, the English class is reciting. It is an intelligent looking class, on the whole, except for one little lass who is gazing out of the window. She is utterly unconscious of her surroundings and all efforts of the teacher fail to arouse her. Finally the teacher in exasperation fairly shouts "Constance, are you, or are you not, going to tell me what color the figure six reminds you of?" Poor little "Connie" starting guiltily "comes to" to express it vulgarly. "Oh, teacher," she cries, "I've been trying so hard to remember to go to class meeting that I've just forgotten everything else. You see, I owe the class twenty dollars already." And huge tears roll down her cheeks. Leaving this pitiful sight, let us take a peep into Room B where a recitation in Caesar is in full swing. How well those girls know their translation! One child, especially, attracts our attention. She doesn't seem quite in keeping with the other demure little maids. She is a large, bold looking girl but what makes her so noticeable from the rest is her clothes, not at all what you would expect of a school-girl. Oh, no indeed! She has beads of all colors around her neck, long dazzling earrings, a diamond ring, to use that quaint expression, "large enough to choke a horse." Her dress, too, is of a brilliant green and her little red slippers have heels at least twelve inches high. Suddenly we realize that the teacher is speaking to her, harshly, in fact. "Louise Hempstead, give me that 'pony' this instant. This is the second time I've caught you with it this week!" Shaking our heads sadly, we leave, wondering what can be the fate of such a naughty, naughty child.

From Room C there emits such a noise and turmoil that we hesi-

tate to enter. Someone shrieks in a shrill voice, "Eleanor hit me with an eraser, oh!—oh!" So we decide that perhaps it would be just as wise to forego the pleasure that might be obtained in this room.

But Room D is most alluring. We learn that the history class is reciting, and we enter eagerly for history is our favorite subject. The teacher is speaking. "I want someone to tell me about the discoveries of the thirteenth century. Hattie Belle, you may recite." Now this will be interesting, think we! Hattie, a bright looking little kiddie, begins to speak. "Well, teacher, speaking of discoveries reminds me of the loveliest castle I visited in England last summer where they had the most beautiful white peacocks—" After about fifteen minutes we realize that this is not a recitation on discoveries but on ancient castles, Cordovan leather, superiority of European towns to American, and weddings. But on the whole we think it much more interesting. As we leave the room we hear one little girl whisper to another, "Hattie Belle always changes the subject like that when she doesn't know her lesson."

At the ringing of a loud bell all the children troop merrily across the "quad" for their mid-morning luncheon. Such a turmoil! Two dear little souls are chattering together at a great rate. "Charlotte McAllister, you have got to be neater or I won't room with you any more. It's perfectly awful the way you leave your things around." And the speaker flounces off in a rage. She goes to the telephone office and asks in a loud voice, "Have I had any telegrams or phone calls? Well, there must be a package! Oh, I'm furious!" The person to whom she is speaking finally loses her temper. "Alice Hopkins," she cries, "Don't you dare ask that question again. I've told you a million times today there's nothing here for you!" Alice then walks up to a poor little girl who is weeping as if her heart would break. "Why, Adelia, whatever is the matter?" says Alice. "Oh dear," sobs Adelia, "I've lost my permissions and I wanted to go up to New Haven with Junior. And it's all Louisa Martin's fault. She walked over my sick sign!"



Suddenly it strikes us that there is something strangely familiar in what we have encountered this morning. We wonder if, after all, times change so greatly. So, as our thoughts become too greatly puzzled, we return thankfully to the present.

Peggy Hosmer.

*Not exactly Darwin's theory -*





Break, break, break,  
"So you've broken bounds," said she,  
And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the rest of the class  
Who never have broken a rule.  
Oh well for the saintly ones  
Who abide by the rules of the school.

And the deadly tirade goes on  
Till we've more than had our fill.  
But oh! For the peace of a conscience clear,  
And the wish that that voice would be still.

Break, break, break,  
How dearly I paid for that spree,  
But the tender grace of the time I was pure  
Will never come back to me.

(With apologies to Alfred, Lord Tennyson.).

Christine McKelvy (may her tribe increase!),  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in her room  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made this fair dame bold,  
And to the presence in the room she said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
And with a look that seemed to wither her plead,  
Answered, "The names of those who bathe with speed."  
"And is mine one?" said Christine. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Christine spoke more low,  
But cheerily still and said, "I then pray thee,  
To write me as being at least, cleanly."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great awakening light,  
And showed the names of those whom Ivory Soap had blessed,  
And lo! Christine McKelvy was 99 and 44/100% purer  
Than the rest.

(With apologies to Leigh Hunt.)



The Reverend Mrs. Dales took a hasty spin one day  
In her new and dashing Ford along the lonely way.  
Off through the country on a spree, though not for time prolonged,  
She hadn't gone so very far when all her plans went wrong.

A popping sound was heard behind and soon a cop she spied.  
He urged his motorcycle on and came up by the side.  
In stern and reprimanding tones, he ordered her to stop,  
So what else was there left to do except obey the cop?

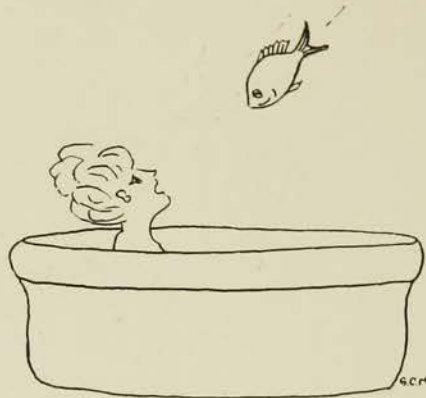
To ditch the cop and get away was quite out of the question,  
And might perchance give the Ford severe indigestion,  
Thus causing it to stop, the victim of the prey,  
The fatal end would be the same—she chose a tactful way.

She stopped and with impatience awaited his dismount,  
And when he came she was requested to give a full account.  
What did she mean by tearing so, which was against the law?  
Then Mrs. Dales apologized without a single flaw.

But, hard-hearted as he was, he summoned her to court,  
So straightway to Tenleytown the guilty one was brought.  
The ruthless judge then questioned her and probed into her mind,  
And when he reached its secret depths, ten dollars she was fined.

—Anonymous.





### A FISH STORY

The halls were all dark, calm silence prevailed,  
To go to her room no damsel had failed,  
Except for a trio, pajama clad maids,  
In search of excitement or conquering raids,  
Grasped in the hand of their leader so bold  
A slim, slimy, something, nature untold,  
An odor unusual, having, didst seem,  
Foretold of some treacherous baleful scheme.  
On tiptoe, they crept to the door of the bath,  
And opened it slowly, suppressing a laugh.  
From one of the baths came forth a great splash,  
"Tis Burnham," they cried, and on like a flash  
They scrambled on high in a neighboring "Waz"  
They pulled out the herring brought for the cause.  
They hurled it aloof, it was sent with good aim.  
She thought 'twas soap, started washing her frame.  
A voice cried out, "Good night! This is no joke!"  
To realization the trio awoke.  
The voice was not Burnham's, what could they do?  
Hysterical, breathless, homeward they flew.  
"Miss Spalding!" they wheezed, and onward they sped.  
The dust rose in clouds as the guilty ones fled,  
And we saw them last, three tiny black specks.  
We think they're going more females to vex.

—Anonymous.

### A Few Epithets

The Lost Chord.....	Virginia James
Jazz Baby.....	Kitty Watson
Oh Jonnie!.....	Dorothy Davidson
All Muddled Up.....	Mary Lupe
Baby Blue Eyes.....	Peggy Hosmer
Dancing Fool.....	Jane Walker
Homesick .....	Mary Burnham
Angel Child.....	Marjorie Pell
Lovable Eyes.....	Julia Knox Folmar
Coo Coo.....	Muriel Barnes

Extract from a Senior Essay: "The roof of the tunnel was too low to admit the riding on top of a full carload of a man even though he place himself flat on his face with any degree of safety."

### Newest Scientific Invention!

The Human Talking Machine.....	Mabel Grosvenor
--------------------------------	-----------------

Extract from a test in Household Science: "The by-products of butter is milk which babies cannot live without."

Since our sojourn at M. V. S. most of us have discovered some new satellites that previously we did not know existed. Of course you all know to which ones I refer—the two notorious "Ginnies," to say nothing of Jane and Gaff, and of yes! I almost forgot—Chinnie and Gates, and also Pell and Avery. We wonder how many more will spring into existence before May 23d. We have hopes of one between Roz and Corny (or should we say just Corny?), but only time will tell.

### Books I Have Known.

The Flirt.....	Mabel Grosvenor
The Breaking Point.....	Florence Bontjes
The Little Minister.....	The Reverend Dales
It Pays to Advertise.....	Bill Young
The Masquerader.....	Kay Howell
Vanity Fair.....	Roz Cummings
The Hunted Woman.....	Miss Churchyard
Freckles.....	Pat Healy
The Joker.....	Rosemary Ames
Pride and Prejudice.....	Corny Baum

Now that the lovely warm spring has come again, there is more temptation than ever to wander around the grounds after dinner. But despite the allurement of the evenings we simply cannot understand why a certain mannish (not masculine!) figure appears regularly every night about 10.05 on the road going to the Club House. Of course we are merely surmising, but we have a hunch that the same person had a fondness for oiling the door knobs on Senior Corridor not so long ago. Uh-huh. We have your number!

### FEATURE SECTION

#### Characteristics of Campus Celebrities

Mary Lupe.....	Pep and Punctuality
Gretchen Kayser.....	Lyric Soprano Voice
Miss Cole.....	Stoicism
Marion Gaffney.....	Domesticity
Henrietta LeStage.....	Maillessness and Malelessness
Dotty Wright.....	Correct and Concise Vocabulary
Muff Meacham.....	Frailty and Delicate Health
Virginia Elliott.....	The Man Hater
Florence Richards.....	Keen Sense of the Aesthetic
Jane Walker.....	Dignity and Docility



### SCHOOL DATA

- 1875 School founded at 204 F Street N.W.
- 1880 School moved to 1100 M Street N.W.
- 1884 Purchase of Noyes house, 1104 M Street.
- 1886 Erection of Recitation Building.
- 1903 Purchase of Senior House, 1103 M Street.
- 1907 Erection of addition to Senior House.
- 1914 Purchase of Playground site on Nebraska Avenue.
- 1916 Incorporation of school, and new building on Nebraska Avenue begun.
- 1917 New building completed and occupied in October. •

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" LUPE, MARY . . . . .	SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
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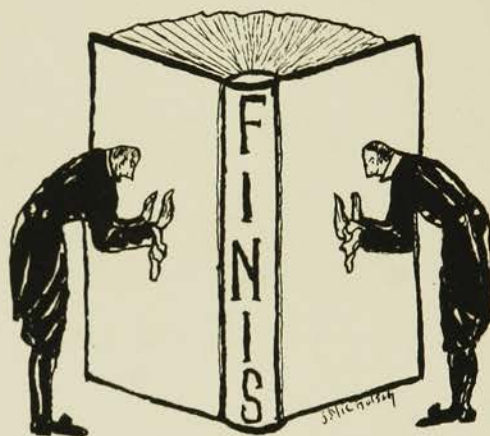
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A D S



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BROTHERS

WOMEN gowned after the Rizik-Parisian  
mode have left the suburbs of Beauty  
and entered the city of entire Loveliness.

—*A Paraphrase from Luttrell.*

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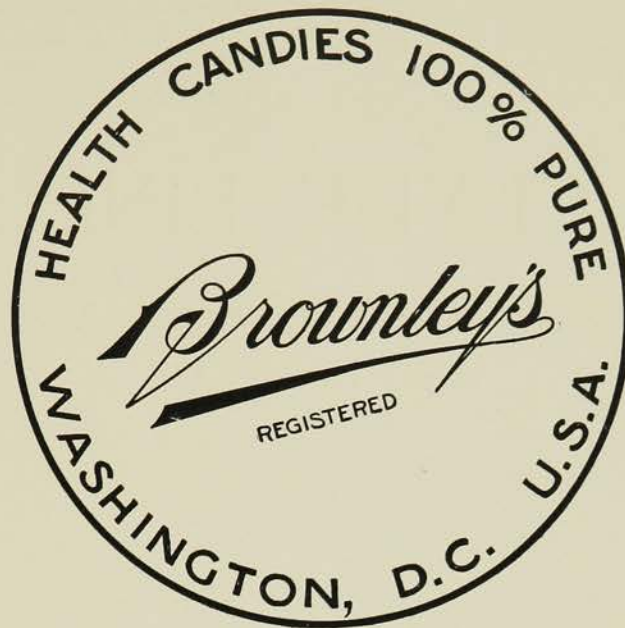
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